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GIGGLE COMICS

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GOLLY, A UNIFORM
DOES SOMETHING
FOR A MAN!



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The Magazine

MAKING AMERICA

ROAR!

HERE IT IS ---
A BOMBSHELL OF
BELLY-LAFFS --- A
SALVO OF SMILES
--- THE GREATEST
GLOOM-CHASER
THAT EVER HIT
THE STANDS!

THERE'S A SHRIEK
A SECOND WAITING
FOR YOU --- AND
YOU'LL LOVE IT!
SO RUN --- DO NOT
WALK --- TO YOUR
NEAREST NEWS-
STAND, AND
SAY:



I want

**HA HA
COMICS**

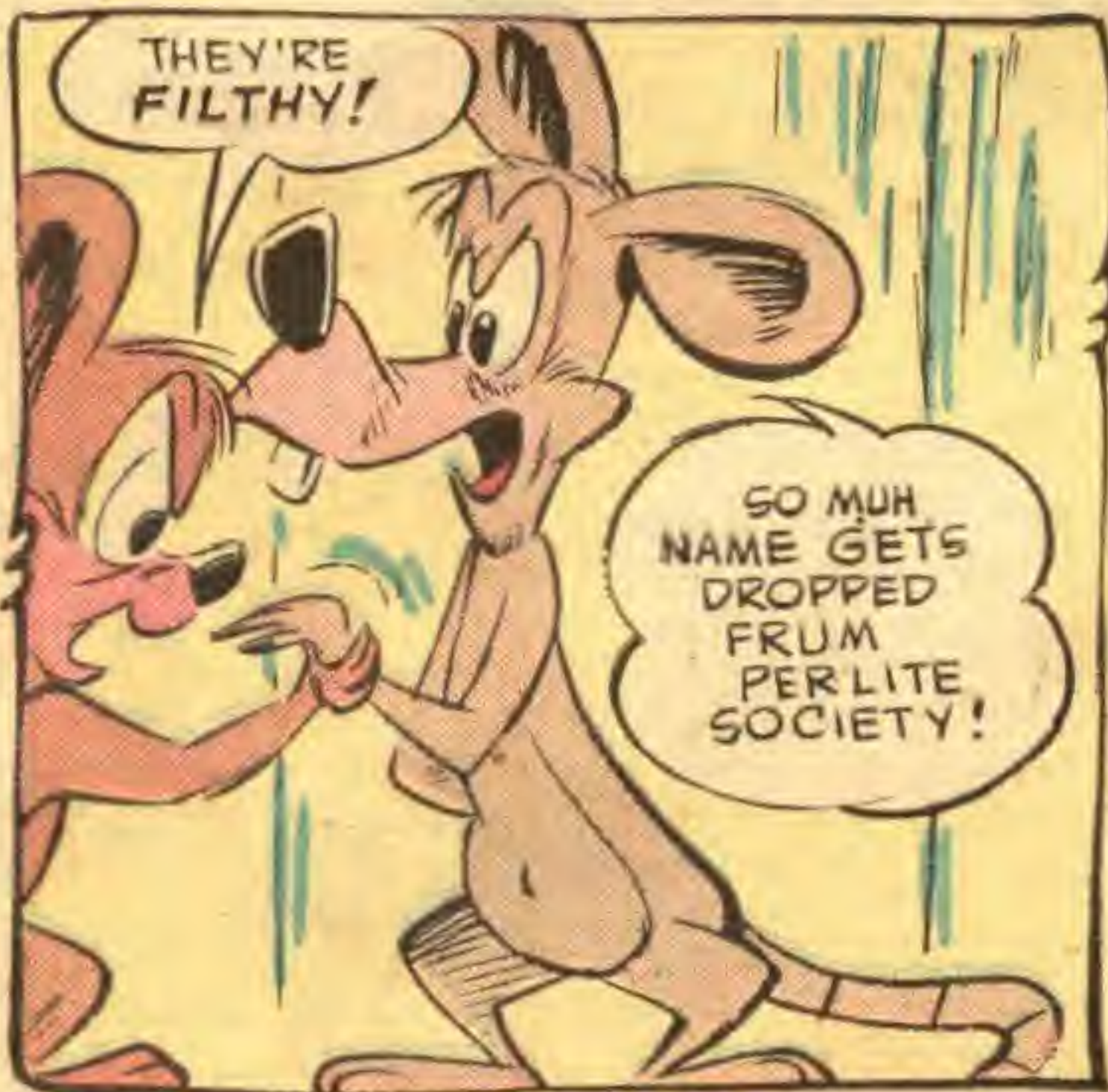
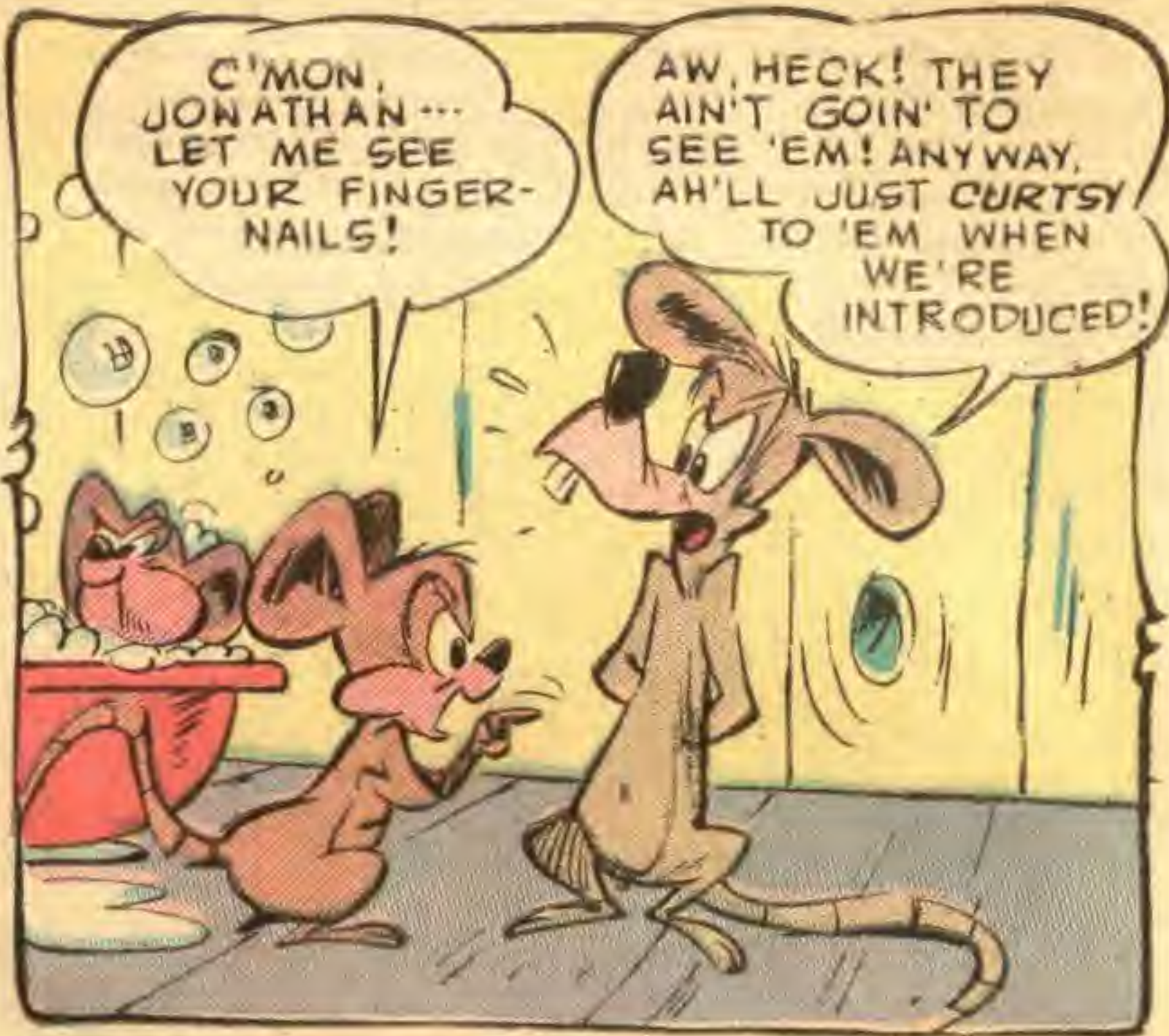
only

10¢

ON ALL STANDS

The MICE-KETEERS









--AND YOU STILL CAN'T SAY **EXTRAMONTERP!**



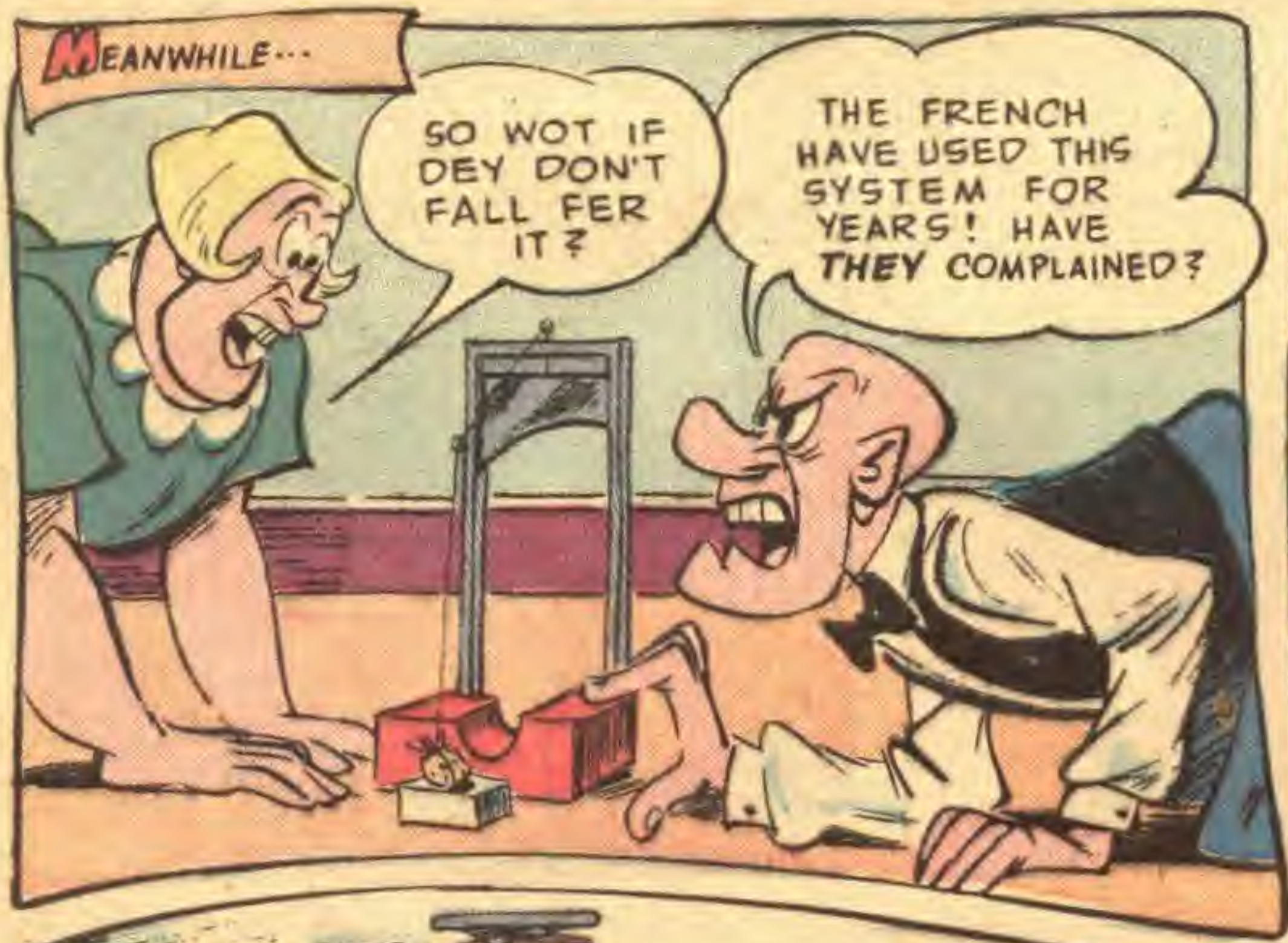
OHMIGOSH!!
NOW **I'M**
DOING IT!



OF ALL THE PEOPLE TO MOVE IN!

AH'LL BE GLAD WHEN YOU'RE DEAD, YOU RASCAL YOU!

QUIT SINGING THAT SONG!



MEANWHILE...

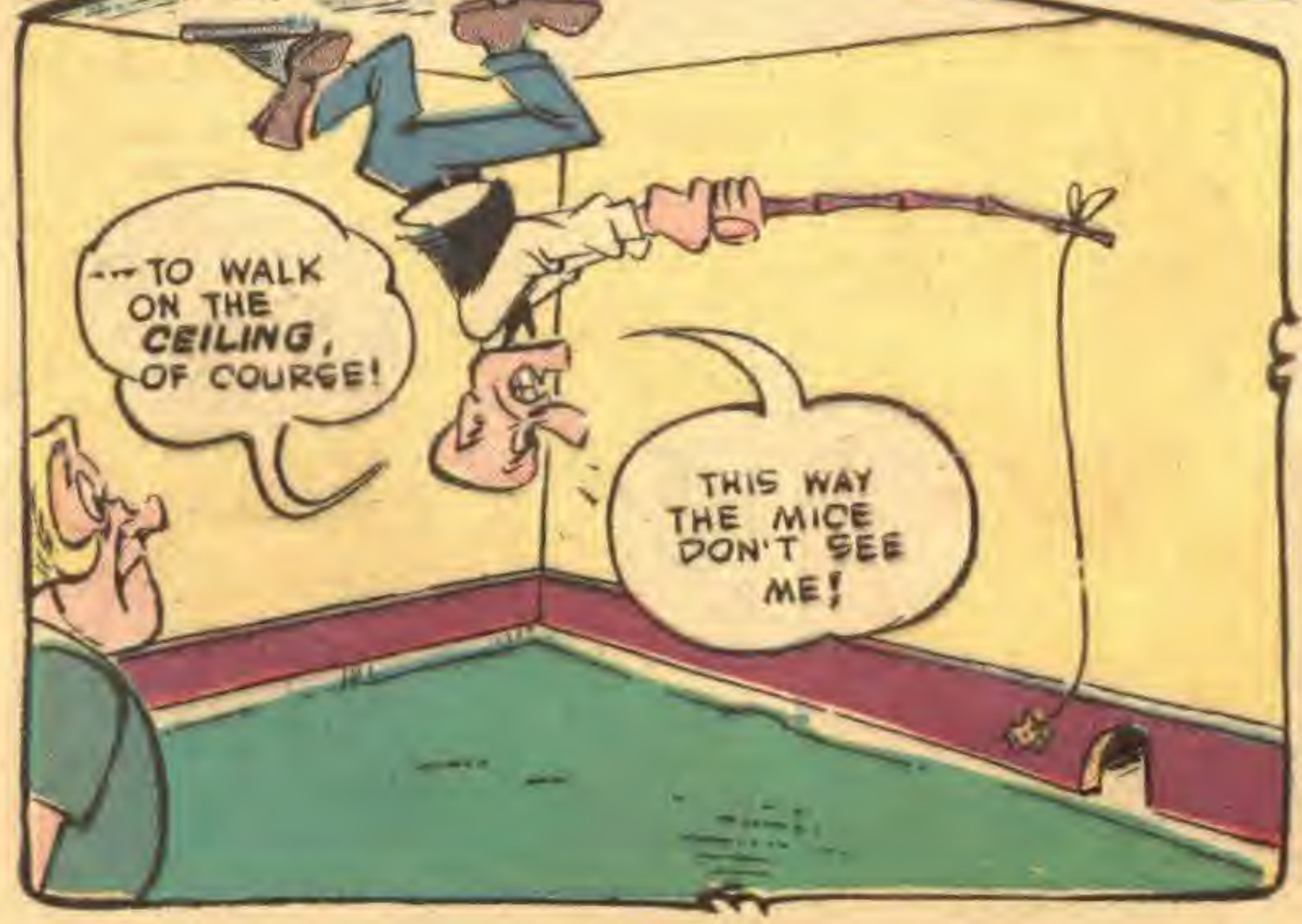
SO WOT IF DEY DON'T FALL FER IT?

THE FRENCH HAVE USED THIS SYSTEM FOR YEARS! HAVE THEY COMPLAINED?



SO WHY ARE YUH PUTTIN' ON THOSE SUCTION SHOES?

WHY DO I PUT ON SUCTION SHOES?--

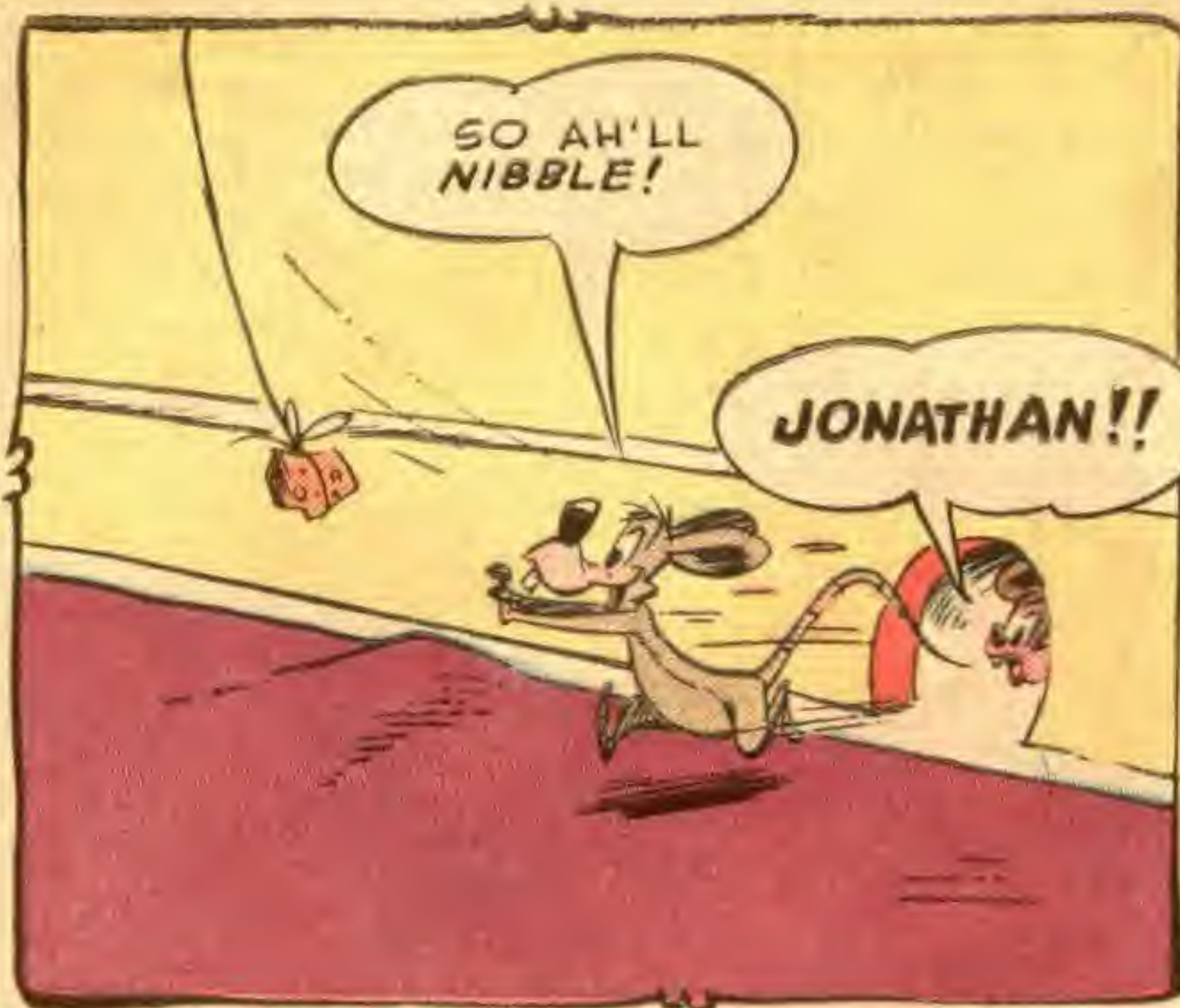


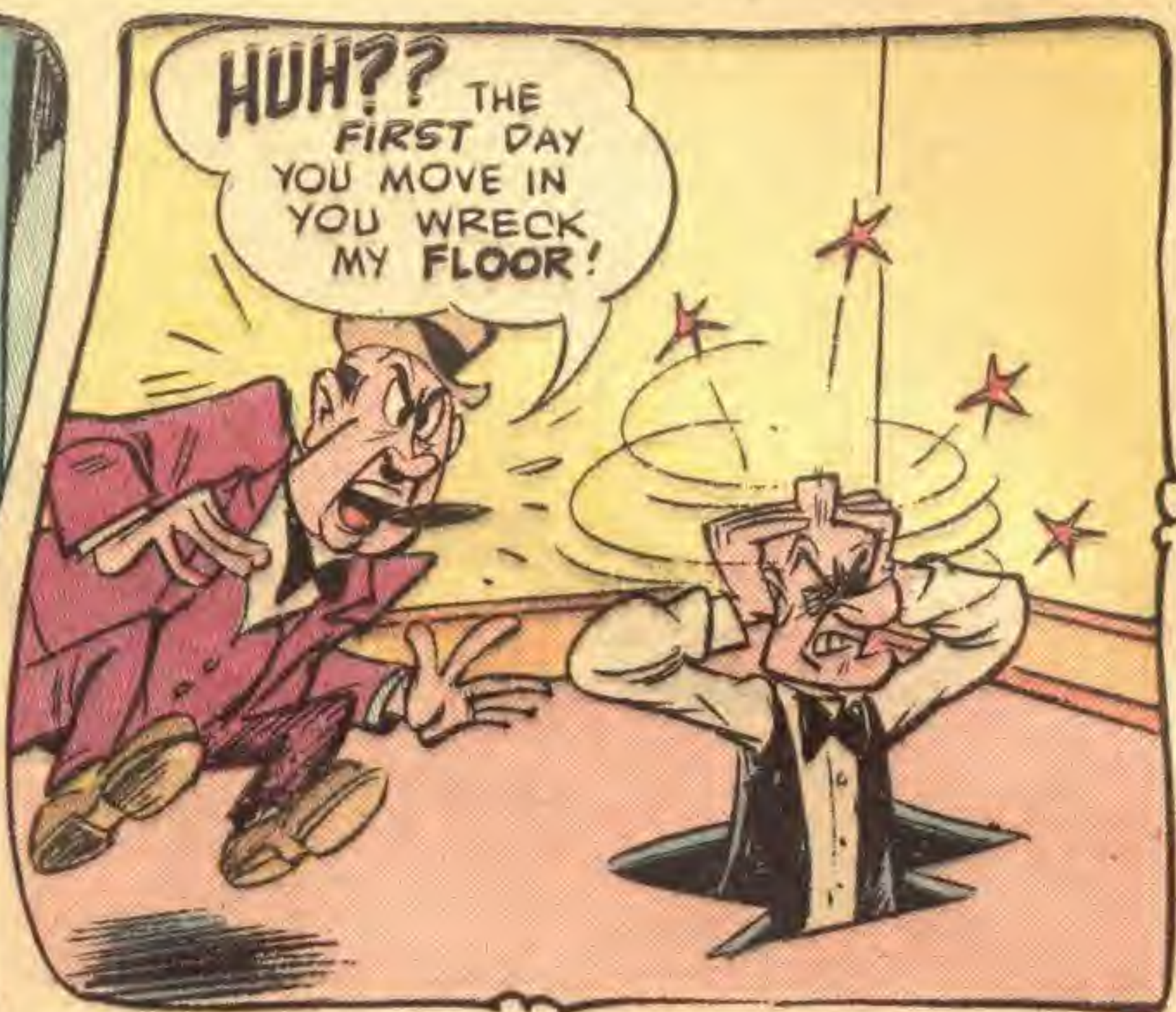
--TO WALK ON THE CEILING, OF COURSE!

THIS WAY THE MICE DON'T SEE ME!



WALL, WOT DO YUH KNOW? THEY'RE **FISHING** FOR MOUSES THESE DAYS!





PHIL RIZZUTO
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER AMERICAN LEAGUE

WHAT BUILDS A CHAMPION BUILDS YOU!

WHEATIES
Breakfast of Champions

THAT'S AN IMPORTANT TRAINING FACT!

CUTAWAY VIEW OF WHEAT KERNEL

THERE'S A WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!

See that wheat kernel bursting with dynamic power? There's one of those in every WHEATIES flake—already to spark you every day.

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"WHO'S to KNOW?"

PINKY PIG'S MAMMA had just baked an enormous batch of cookies with plump, juicy raisins inside and rich chocolate icing all over the tops! There they were, right on the kitchen table, set out to cool in two big cookie sheets, smelling so delicious that Pinky could hardly stand it!

"Hmmm..." he said thoughtfully, looking at the beautiful cookies. Then he said, "Gosh!" Then he said "Whillikers!" Now, although that doesn't seem to make much sense, it was perfectly plain what Pinky Pig was thinking. He was thinking, "Hmmm...they're the nicest cookies I've ever seen! Gosh, wouldn't it be swell to eat 'em? Whillikers, I'm not *supposed* to!"

Indeed, he had been forbidden to stuff himself on sweets, for Pinky was as fat as a pig need be. Fatter! His mamma had been very strict with him and told him he must never help himself to goodies. "I'll give you all the food I think is proper!" she had said.

"Well, she *won't* let me eat those," Pinky thought. "And they *do* look so keen! If...if I took just one an' ate it... who's to know?" He thought about this for a little while, for he knew that what he was planning was not honest. But the smell of the cookies and the gleam of the icing were too much for him. "There're so many that just one won't matter!" he said.

Reaching out a hand, Pinky snatched a cookie from a tray and gulped it down in one bite!

"That went too fast," he thought, when the cookie was down. "Why, I hardly had time to *taste* it! Maybe I ought to try another one and eat it bit by bit, so I can really taste it! All those cookies! So many of 'em! If I just take another one, a teentsy-weentsy one...who's to know?"

Again Pinky's hand went out to a cookie tray and again a cookie was popped into his mouth. Crunch-crunch-crunch, and the cookie was no more!

"I *almost* tasted that one!" Pinky thought. "And I think it was pretty good! Maybe I'd better have just *one* more, to make *sure*!" And down went another cookie!

"It *was* good!" Pinky smiled. "It was so good, that I'm gonna have another one!" And so it went, with Pinky finding excuse after excuse to help himself to the forbidden cookies. And after eating each cookie, he would look around to make certain that no one was watching him and say, "If I have another one...*who's to know*!"

Now, even the biggest batch of cookies will disappear if enough of them are eaten and so, in a short time, one of the cookie sheets had not a single crumb remaining! As for the other cookie sheet, that was well on its way to being emptied, too!

"Since I've had so many," Pinky said, "I might as well *finish* 'em all! Mom can bake some more and who's to know I ate 'em?"

But as he started to pop another into his mouth, Pinky felt a pain in his tummy! First it was a little pain and then it grew bigger and bigger and sharper and sharper, till Pinky was doubled up with the biggest tummy-ache he'd ever had! He felt so sick, he couldn't stand it, and his face was green! "Oh-oh-oh!" he groaned.

Just then, Pinky's mamma came into the kitchen. "Now you know the answer to your question, Pinky," she said. "If you take another and another cookie, *who's to know*?"

And Pinky, ashamed and sorry, groaned miserably, "I...I guess...I'm to know!"

The SQUIRE and the CHIP

KEN HOLTGREEN

E-E-E-E
E-YA H H!

W-WHAT
WAS THAT?

I D-DON'T
KNOW, BUT IT SURE
SOUNDED LIKE
THE CALL OF
THE JUNGLE
MAN, BOZZIN!

PARDON ME, BUT
HAVE YOU SEEN ANY
GORILLAS OR APES
IN THIS AREA?

WHY, NO ...
THEY LIVE IN
AFRICA!

OH, DARN! I WANTED
TO MAKE FRIENDS
WITH SOME ... HOW
ABOUT LIONS?

NO LIONS,
EITHER!

HYENAS?

NOPE!

WELL, DO YOU KNOW
OF ANY FAIR DAMSELS
IN DISTRESS--OR PERHAPS
YOU KNOW OF SOME
CRUEL, WICKED KING
WHO NEEDS TO BE
TAUGHT A LESSON?

NOPE!

OH, HECK! ... FOR THIRTY YEARS
I'VE MANUFACTURED BABY BOTTLES,
JUST DREAMING OF THE TIME WHEN I
COULD CHUCK IT ALL AND COME
TO THE JUNGLE AND LIVE A LIFE
LIKE BOZZIN, THE APE MAN!

WASN'T HE
THE BIG, BRONZED,
POWERFUL
GIANT OF A
MAN?





AND WHY MUST YOU ALWAYS BE SO PROMPT ABOUT GIVING ME MEDICINE?

DOCTOR'S ORDERS, SIR... EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR! OPEN YOUR MOUTH, MIGHTY ZORAN!



MIGHTY ZORAN, HUMBUG!... HOW CAN I SHOW OFF MY STRENGTH WHEN THERE'S NOTHING TO DO?

LET'S PLAY CHECKERS!...

ON SECOND THOUGHT... NO! YOU ALWAYS BEAT ME!



WELL, IF YOU'RE IN THE MOOD TO FIGHT A VICIOUS ANIMAL, I KNOW A FIERCE BEAR!

OH, BULLY!



YOU MEAN OLD SLOW-FOOT? HE'S SO FAT AND COWARDLY... ULP!

HE'S THINKING OF ANOTHER BEAR! I'LL GO SEE IF HE'S IN HIS CAVE!

OH, KEENO!



WHAT'S THE IDEA?... WE ONLY KNOW ONE BEAR!

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? HE WON'T BE HAPPY UNTIL HE PROVES THE STRENGTH HE DOESN'T HAVE!



RISE FROM YOUR SLUMBER, OH MIGHTY AND VICIOUS ONE!... HEY! SNAP OUT OF IT!

SHARP LITTLE THINGS, AREN'T THEY?



WOT DO YUH
WANTS?
HO-HUM!

PREPARE
YOURSELF!
YOU'RE GOING
TO ENGAGE
IN MORTAL
COMBAT!



WHO'S DIS MORTAL
COMBAT?---A GURL BEAR,
I HOPES!

I'LL EXPLAIN--
THERE'S AN OLD
MAN WHO FANCIES
HIMSELF LIKE
BOZZIN, THE APE
MAN!--- NOW
HERES MY PLAN!---



LATER...

I FOUND HIM IN HIS
CAVE, ALL RIGHT, AND
IS HE ON THE WAR
PATH!--- LET'S DUCK
FOR SHELTER, CHIP!



R-R-RUF!
GRUFF!

ME MAD!
R-R-R-R-R!

ME SQUOIL
AND CHIPMUNK
HUNGRY!



I SAW YUHS GO IN
DERE! OPEN UP
OR I'LL SMASH IN
DA DOOR!

FIRST TO LET OUT
MY PIERCING CRY
OF ATTACK!--- SPRAY
MY THROAT, JASON!

YES,
SIR!



NOW
THEN!

E-E-E

GLUP!

OH, MY GOODNESS!!
I SWALLOWED MY
UPPER FALSE TEETH!



NO MATTER NOW!...
LIKE A PANTHER, I'LL
STRIKE!



WITH RAPID-FIRE
BLOWS, I'LL
WEAKEN HIM!

NOW WOT
DO I DO?

DROP
DEAD!



OKAY!

OH, GOODY!
I'VE DEFEATED
HIM!

PLOP!



OH, THANK YOU! THANK
YOU! ... YOU KILLED
HIM AND SAVED OUR
LIVES!

KILLED
HIM??



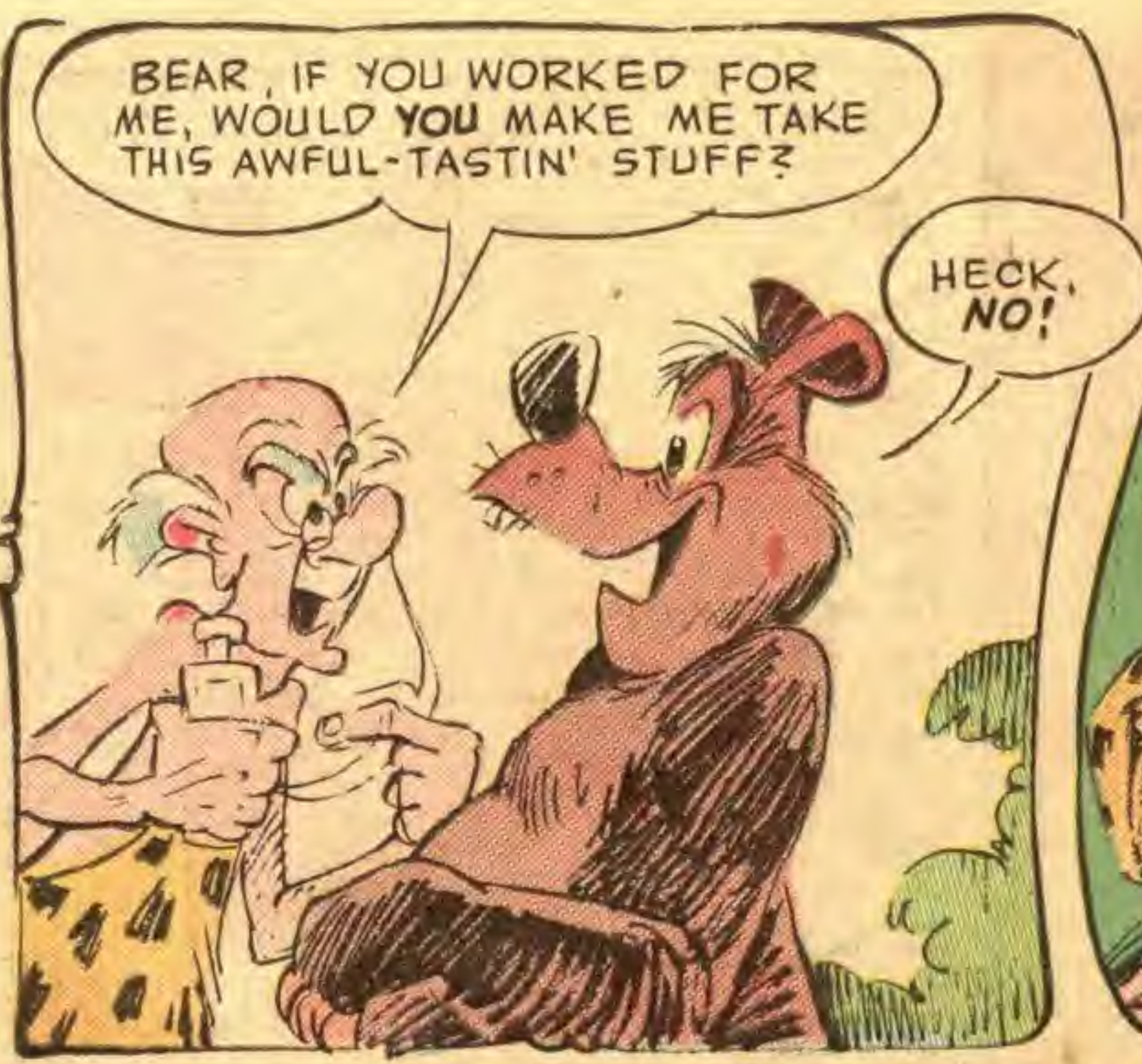
BUT...BUT I'VE NEVER
KILLED ANYTHING!...
OH, BEAR--I WISH YOU
WERE ALIVE!



OKAY! YOU TALKED
ME INTO IT!



TIME FOR YOUR
MEDICINE, SIR!



BEAR, IF YOU WORKED FOR ME, WOULD YOU MAKE ME TAKE THIS AWFUL-TASTIN' STUFF?

HECK, NO!



AND WOULD YOU LET ME WIN AT CHECKERS NOW AND THEN?

SHUCKS! I'M DUMB ON ALL GAMES!



YOU ARE NOW MY VALET! ... JASON, YOU'RE FIRED!

VERY GOOD, SIR!



WELL, JASON... IT'S TOO BAD YOU LOST YOUR JOB, BUT IN A WAY YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE RID OF THAT FUNNY OLD MAN AND HIS CRAZY AMBITION TO BE A SECOND BOZZIN!



AS FAR AS LOSING MY POSITION AS VALET, I DON'T MIND... I WAS GOING TO RETIRE SOON ANYWAY...

OH!



...AND AS FOR MY FORMER MASTER'S VIEWS ON BEING A BOZZIN-LIKE MAN, I APPROVE!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

REMOVING MY GARMENTS, AS YOU SEE!



I'VE WORN THIS LEOPARD SKIN UNDER MY CLOTHES FOR YEARS, JUST WAITING FOR AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS MYSELF!

E-E-E-YA!

OH-H!

THE END!



For recommended reading...



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!



Packed with Laughs and Thrills...
THE GREATEST GROUP
 of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



READ THEM ALL
 .. REGULARLY ..
 Read **AMERICAN!**

THE **FROG** *and the* **PELICAN**

FELIX FROG'S EYES popped with delight. "Wow!" he said, hopping from the sparkling waters of Silver Stream to its edge. "What a find!"

Indeed it was a rare find, which any frog would be happy to discover! There it was, almost a whole loaf of luscious white bread, with its crust all brown and crisp-looking! Felix had not had anything so delicious to eat in a long time, and he couldn't wait to have a glorious feast.

Just as he was about to bite into the bread, Felix heard a sobbing sound, which seemed to come from some nearby place. "Oh," cried a mournful voice, "I'm *hungry!* So hungry! So *very* hungry!" Then there was the sound of crying and the sad voice continued, "I wish I had something to eat! I'm half-starved!"

Now Felix was a good-hearted fellow and he couldn't imagine keeping the beautiful loaf of bread to himself when someone else was starving. Hopping about to see who had cried, he found a sad-eyed pelican drying his tearful eyes on a leaf and sniffing.

"If you're the bird who's so hungry," Felix smiled, "I believe I can help you! Come with me!"

He led the pelican right to the loaf of bread and said, "I'm going to share this with you, half-and-half!" With a sharp-edged stone, Felix divided the bread into two equal parts and invited the pelican to start eating.

And what a hungry pelican he was! He ate every morsel of the bread, down to the very last tiny crumb, and then he daintily picked up all the stray bits that had fallen around. Felix rather ex-

pected the pelican to thank him after the hearty repast was over.

But the pelican did no such thing! Instead, he opened his large bill, bent his head...and scooped *Felix* into his mouth! It was horrible! Poor Felix cried and shouted, begging to be released, but the pelican kept his bill shut tight and paid no attention to Felix's pleas.

"What a mean, ungrateful pelican!" Felix thought. "He wasn't contented with the bread I gave him. He wants to eat *me*, too!" And again he shouted and pleaded to be set free.

But still the pelican kept his bill clamped shut and would not release Felix. "No one will know what has happened to me," poor Felix cried, "and all the fish and frogs in Silver Stream will call my name and search for me...in vain! What a sad ending for me!"

It was no use pleading for mercy, that was plain. With a sorrowful sigh, Felix told himself that his end had come! And at that very moment, the pelican opened wide his bill and let Felix hop out.

"That was a mean, bad thing to do!" Felix said angrily.

"I'm sorry I didn't have time to explain," the pelican replied. "You see, there was a vicious-looking hawk flying right above your head, ready to come down and kill you! All I was doing was...*hiding* you!"

"Oh!" Felix smiled. "I guess it's I who ought to be grateful to you, instead of the other way around! And you can just bet your tailfeathers...I am!"

SPENCER SPOOK

YEE-AH-HA-HA-HA!
HA-HA-HA!

YIPE!

OUR STORY BEGINS ON A
STORMY, WIND-SWEPT
NIGHT NEAR AN
ANCIENT MANSION
THAT'S BEEN HAUNTED
FOR OVER 300 YEARS!

HALP! HALP!

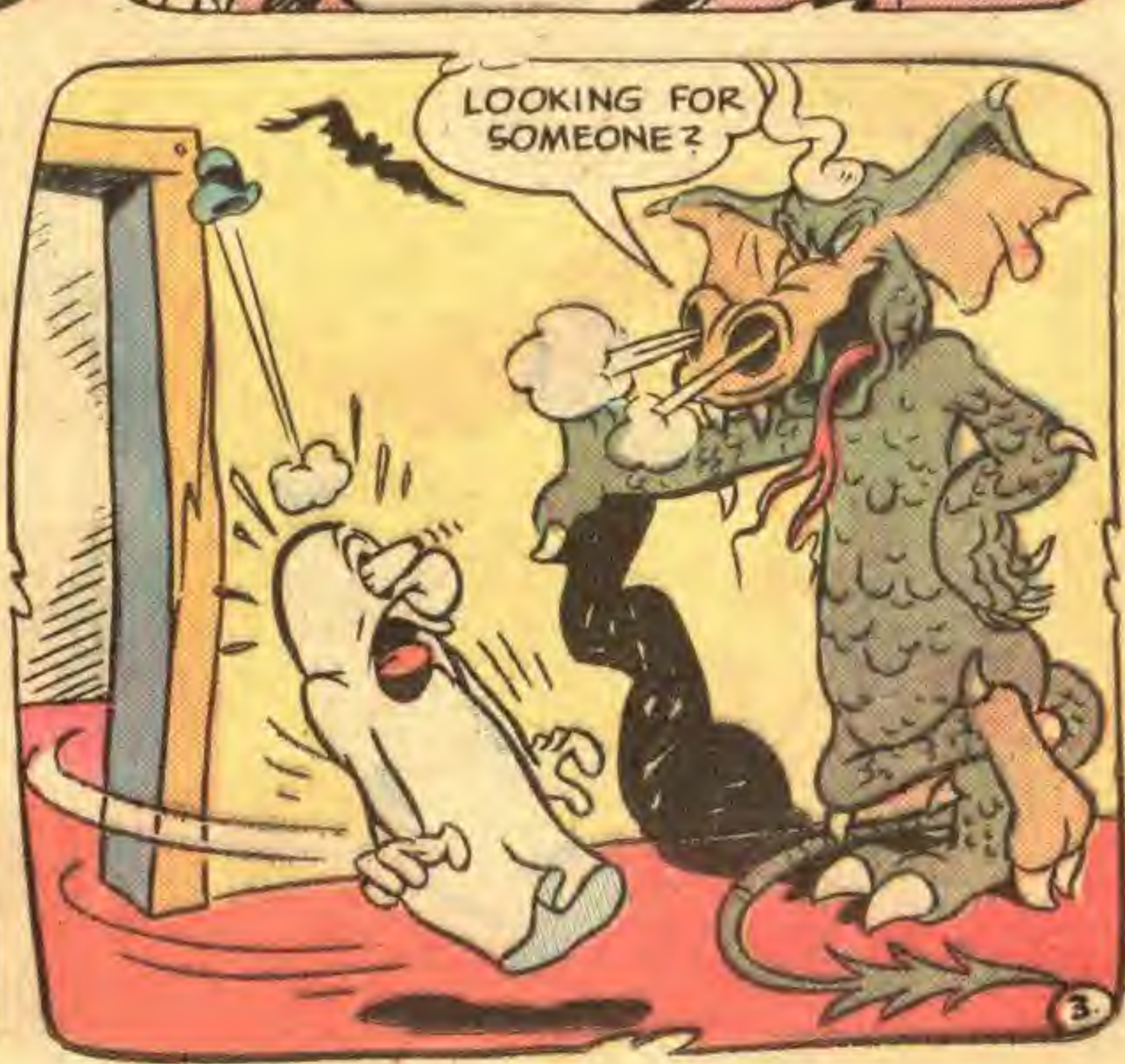
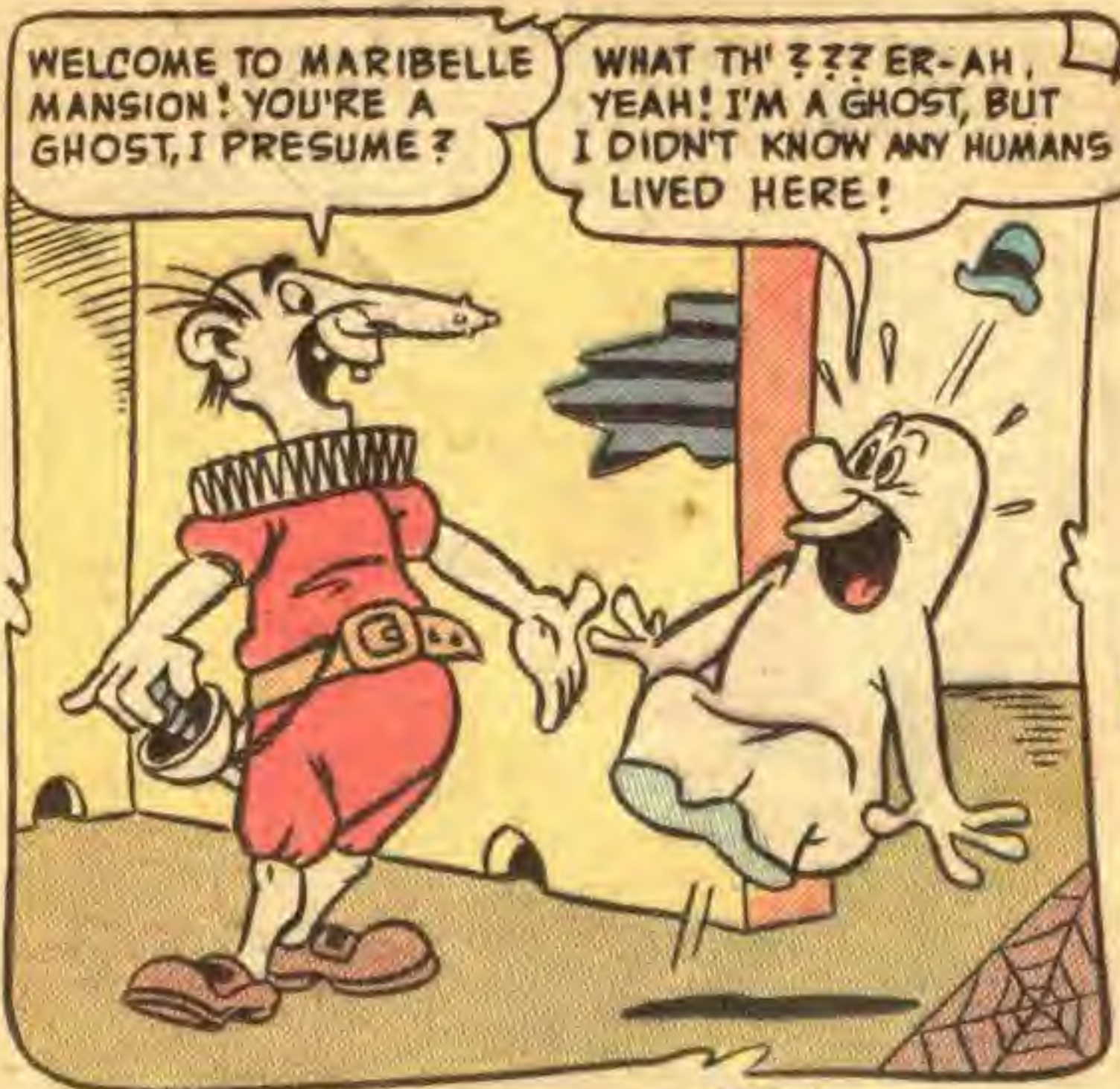
WAIT'LL THE BOSS HEARS
ABOUT THIS!

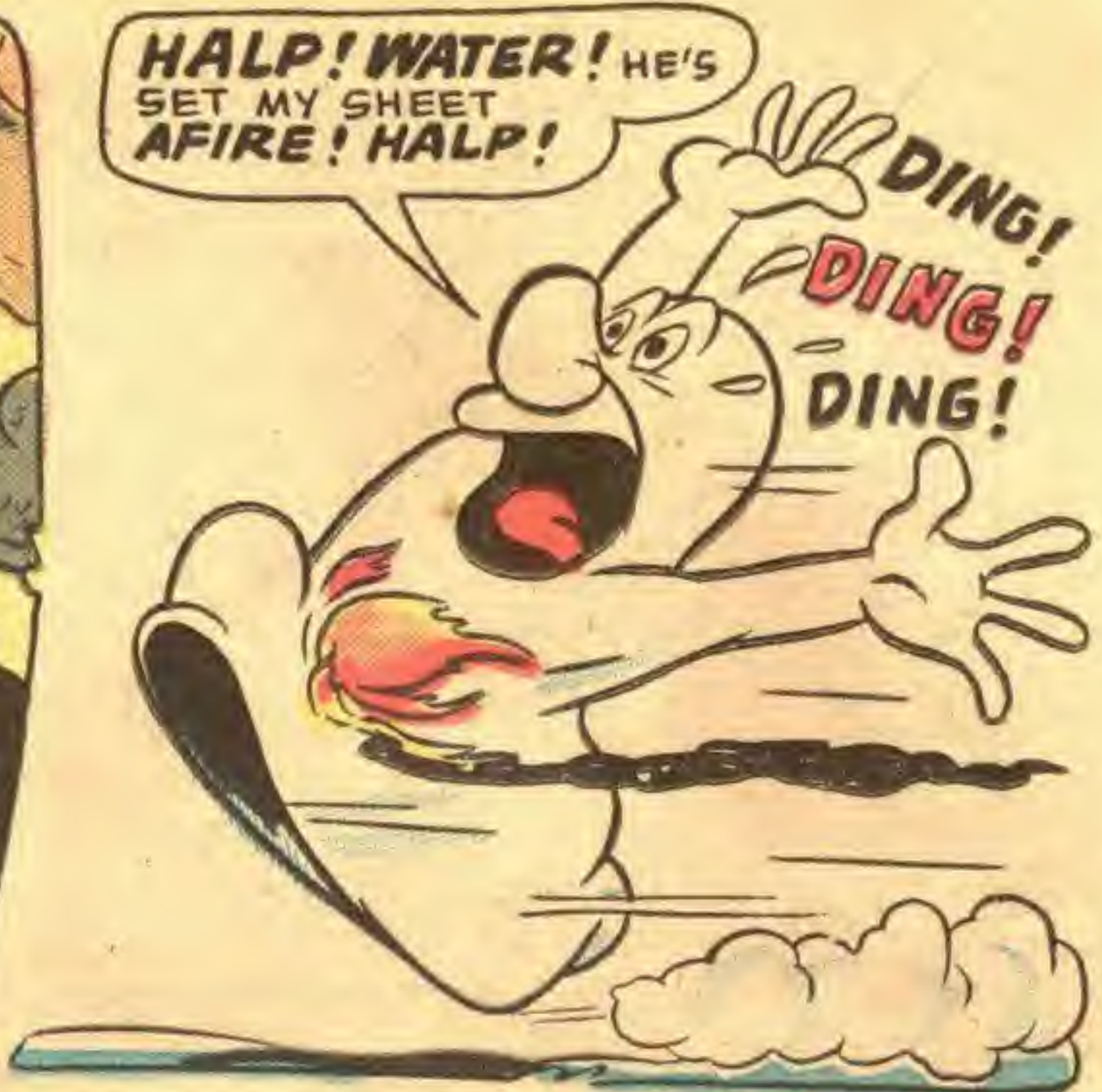
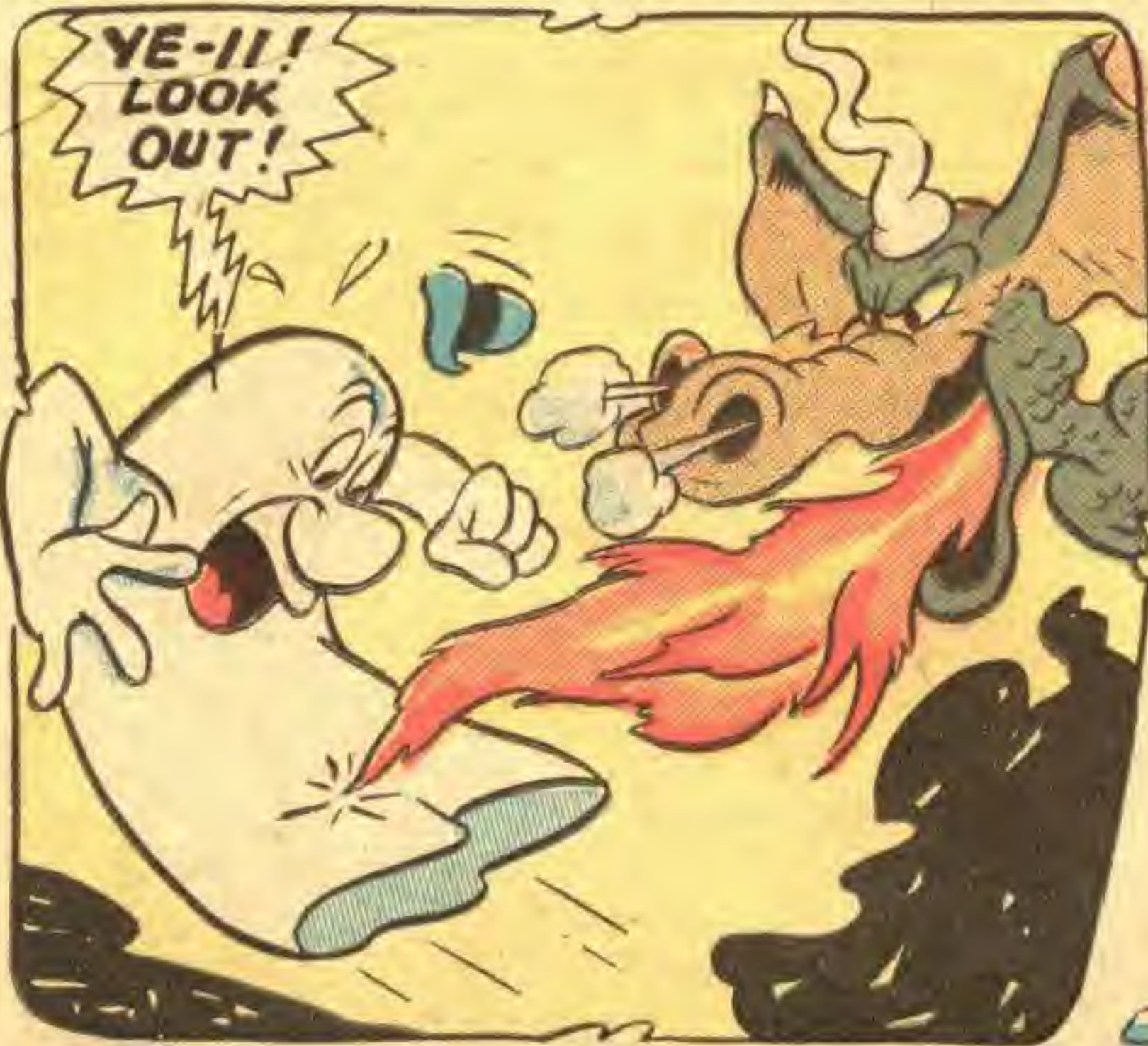
BOSS!
BOSS! COME UP
QUICK! I HAVE TO
TALK TO YOU!

DOGGONE! WHO IS IT? I'M
NOT COMIN' UP THERE IF I
DON'T HAVE TO! IT'S RAINING
PITCHFORKS, AND I MIGHT
CATCH MY LIFE OF
COLD!

THE
BOSS
1652-
1739







... AND FEATHERS!



YOU'RE LEAVING, HUH?

NO! I'M GOING TO GET RID OF YOU IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST!

HA! AT LAST HE'S MADE A MISTAKE! HE'S FORGOTTEN I'M A GHOST, TOO, AND CAN JUMP IN THAT TEA POT, ALSO!



NOW I'VE GOTCHA CORNERED AND I'M GONNA GIVE YOU WHAT FOR!

HEH-HEH!

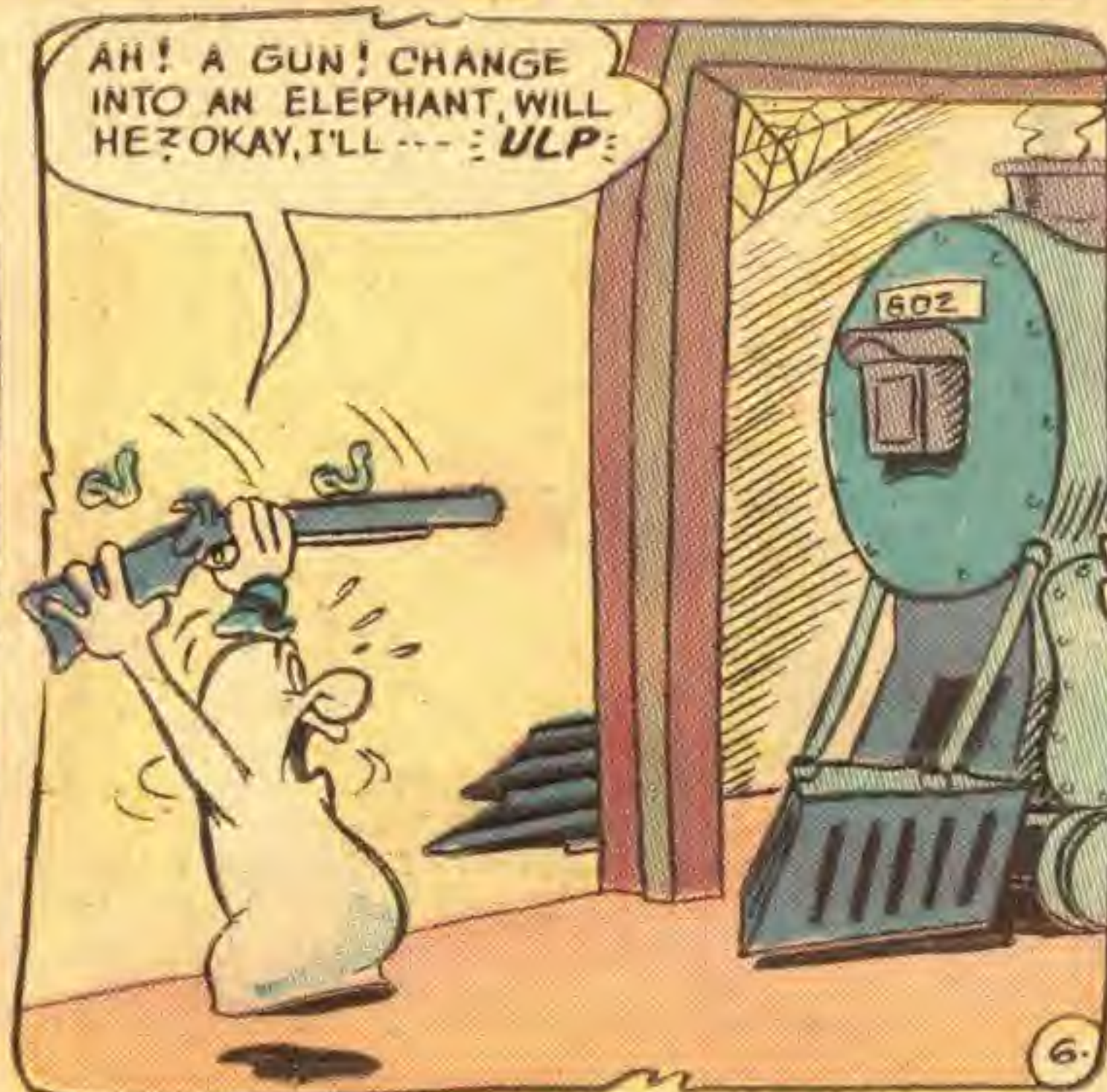
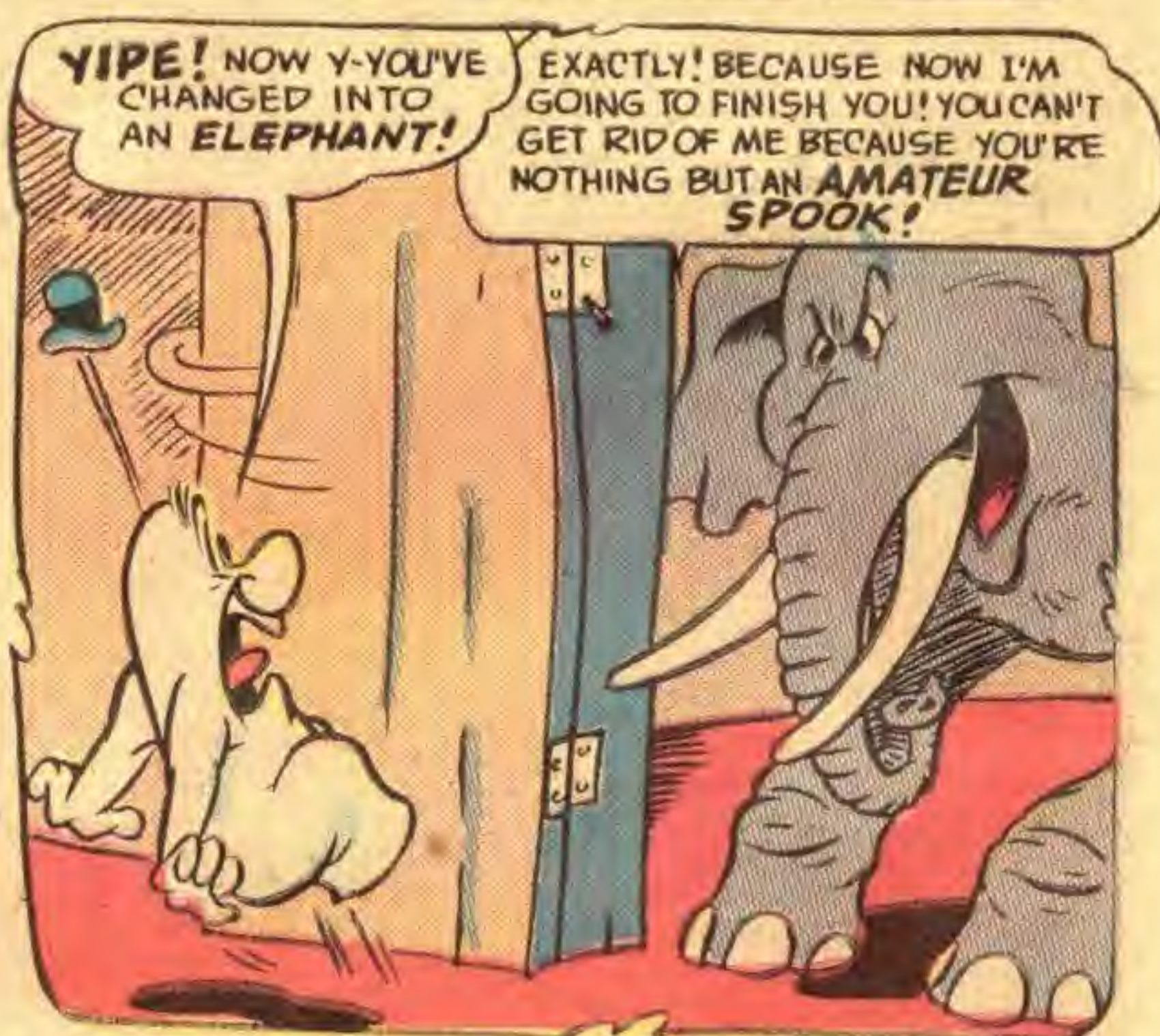


TAKE THAT!...



YOU KNOW WHAT THEY CALL THIS, FOLKS? ...A TEMPEST IN A TEA POT!





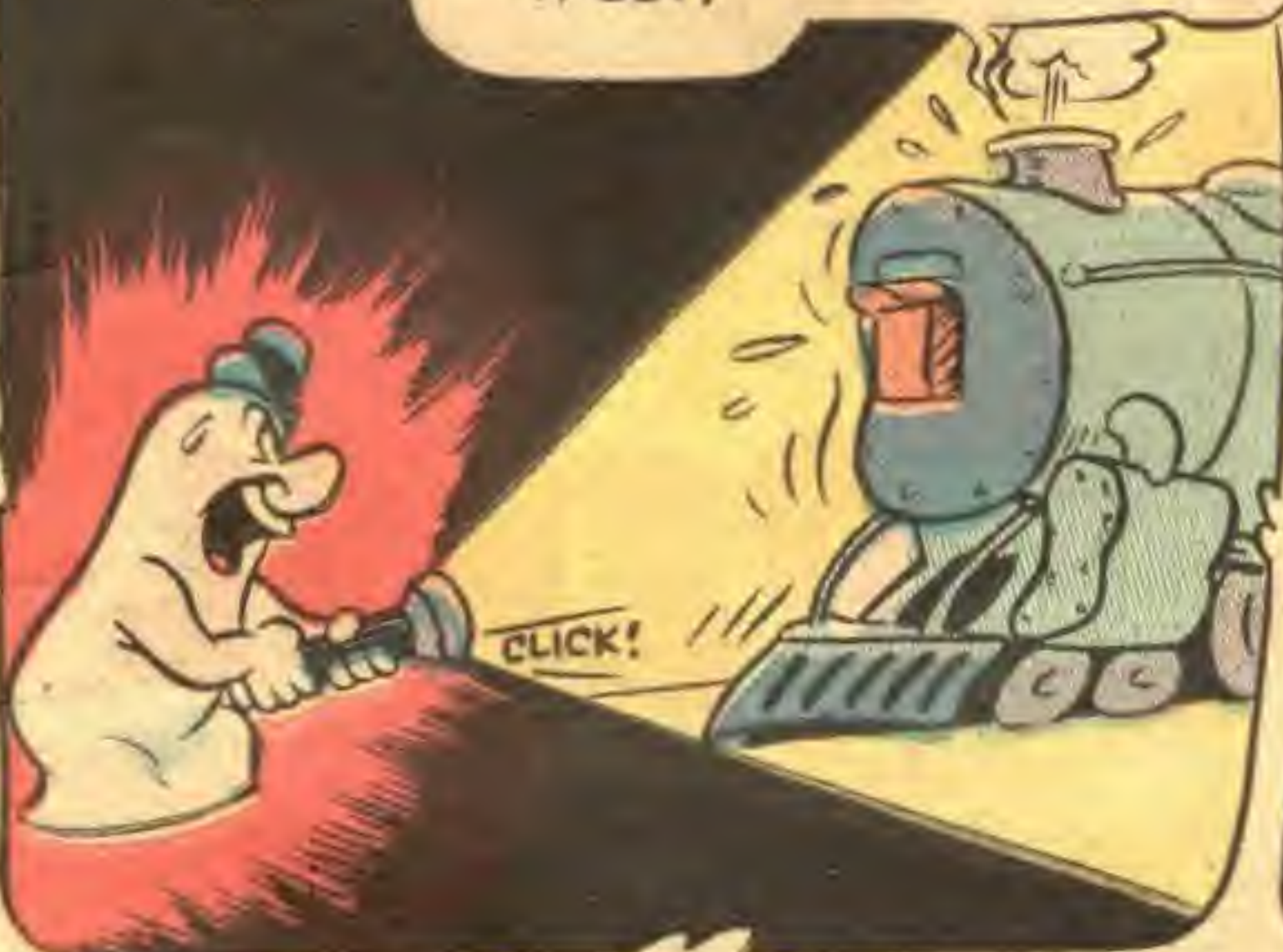
NOW HE'S CHANGED INTO A LOCOMOTIVE! HIS 5000 YEARS' EXPERIENCE IS TOO MUCH FOR ME! UNLESS I THINK OF SOMETHING FAST, I'M **FINISHED!**

HA!



OKAY, FRIEND! I'VE GOTCHA!

YIII! LIGHT! TURN IT OUT! LIGHT IS THE **ONE** THING A GHOST CAN'T STAND! TURN IT OUT! **HELP!** I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY--ONLY TURN IT OUT!

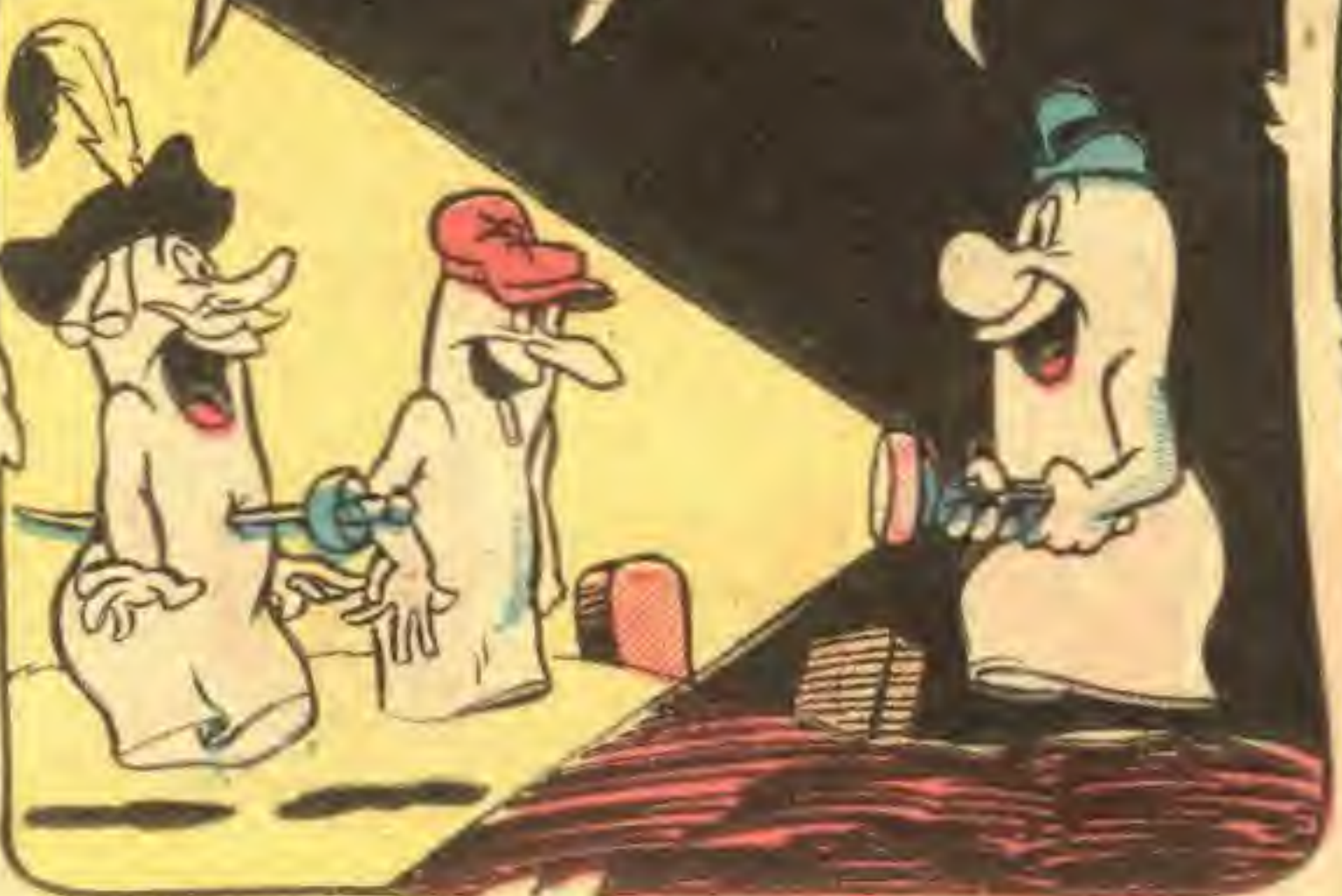


AND LATER...

GOSH, SPENCER YOU'RE **TERRIFIC!** AND NOW I CAN GO BACK TO MY MANSION!

JEEPERS! HOW'D YA DO IT, SPENCE?

WELL, YA KNOW HOW GHOSTS FEEL ABOUT LIGHT!...I JUST CLICKED ON THIS FLASHLIGHT LIKE THIS, AND...



A FLASHLIGHT!
...THAT'S IT! I'VE GOT IT!



So...

LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YA! NEVER UNDERESTIMATE AN AMERICAN GHOST! WE MAY BE YOUNG AS GHOSTS GO, BUT WE'RE CLEVER! NOW JUST TO SHOW YA WE'RE GOOD TOO, I'LL TELL YA WHERE THERE'S A NICE CAVE TO HAUNT!

YOU WILL? GEE, I'D LOVE THAT--AND I'M SORRY FOR WHAT I DID!



WE DIDN'T ASK YOU TO **SHOW** US...WE SAID **TELL** US!...SO LET THAT BE A LESSON TO **YOU** NOT TO TURN A LIGHT ON GHOSTS AGAIN!



THE END!



BE SURE TO HAVE
Cracker Jack

WHEN YOU GO TO THE ZOO-AMUSEMENT
PARK-CIRCUS-CARNIVAL-BALL PARK-
PICNIC-PARTY OR VACATION RESORT
IT ADDS TO YOUR FUN!



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COLORFUL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE
THAT YOU'LL REMEMBER FOREVER!

OPERATION: **PERIL**


10¢ ON
ALL
STANDS

The **DUKE** and the **DOPE**

in
MAP HAPPY!



WHAT AN EERIE TOWN...
IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S OUT OF
THE PAGES OF "TREASURE
ISLAND!"... STAY CLOSE,
AND TALK TO NO ONE,
DOPE! WE'LL HURRY
THROUGH THIS
PLACE!

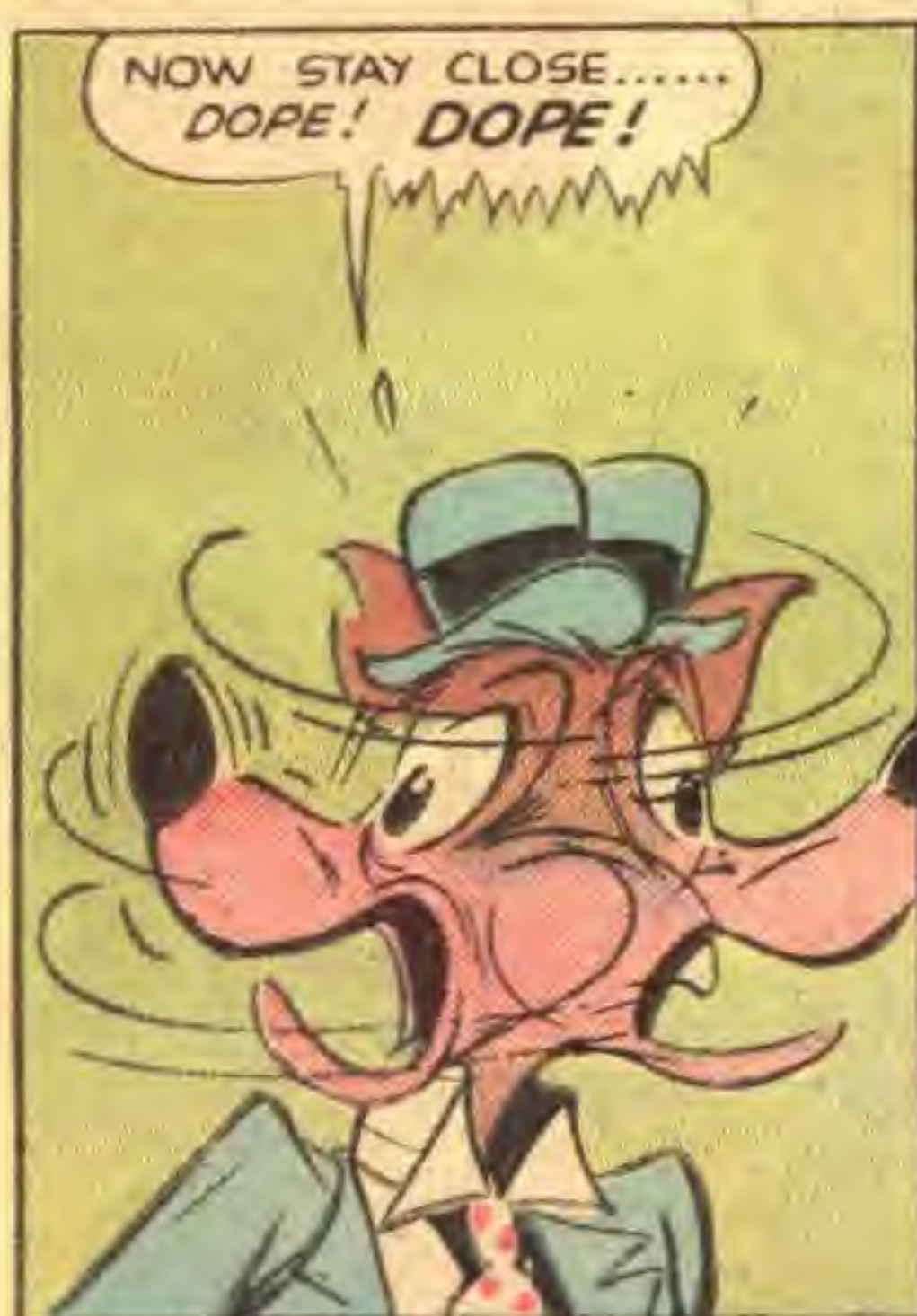


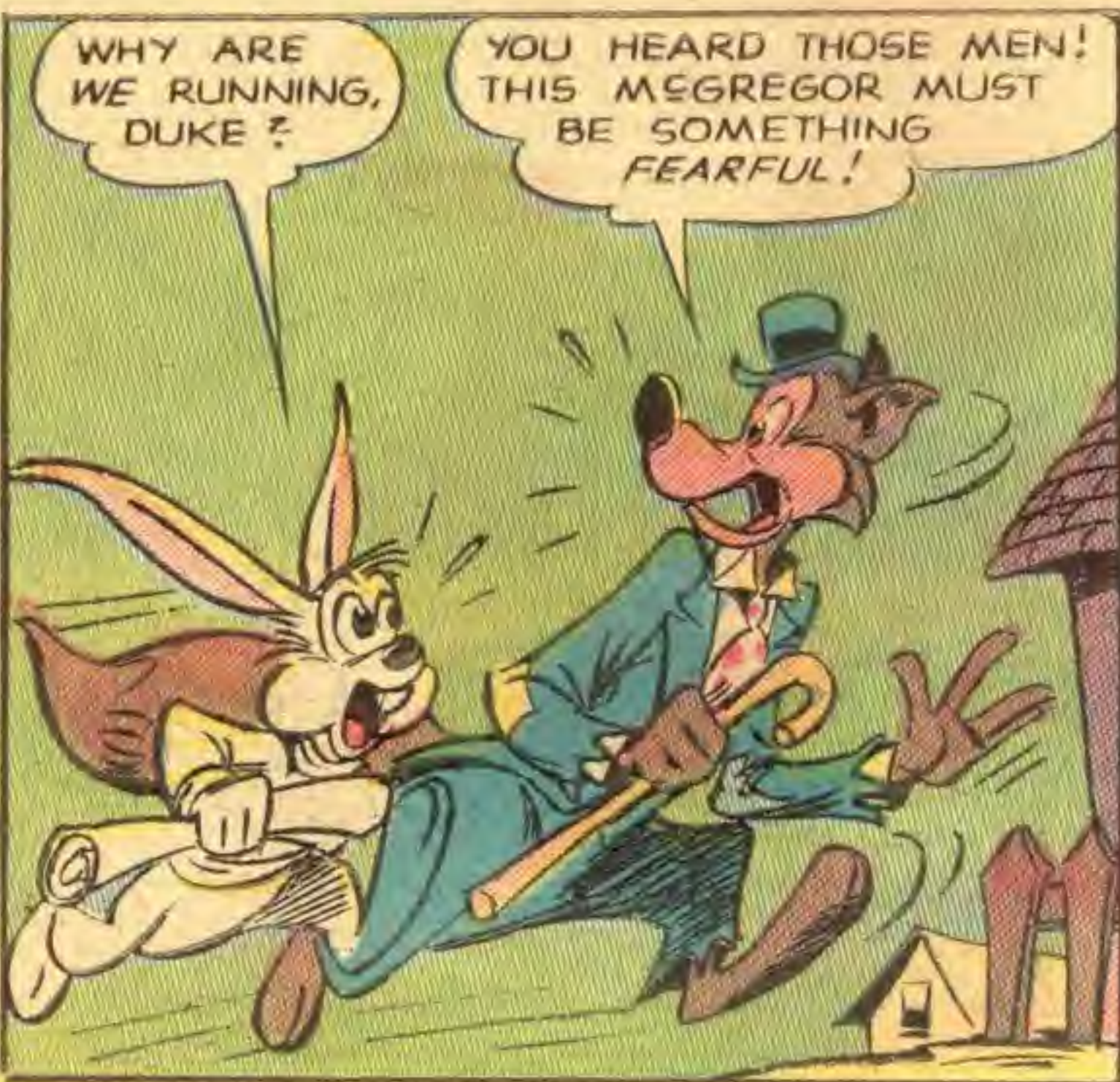
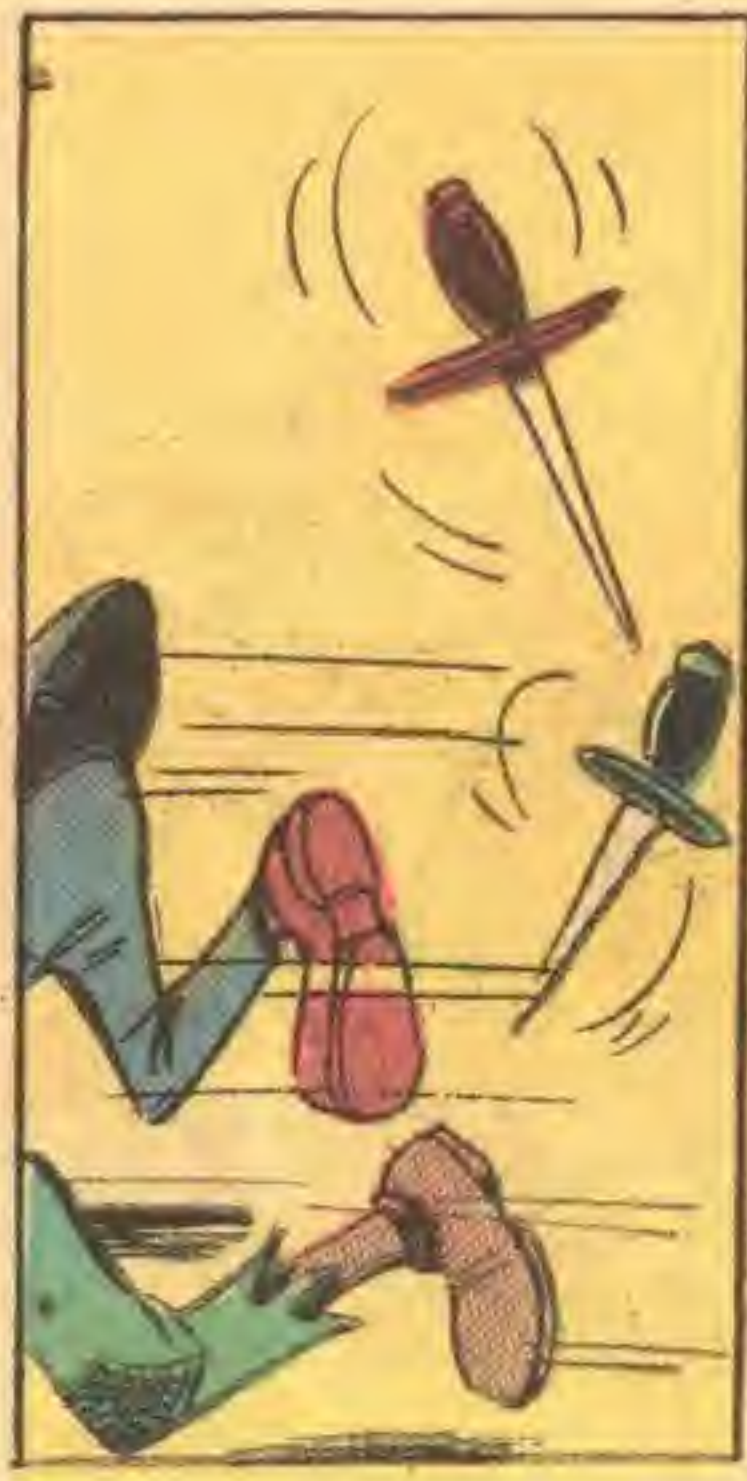
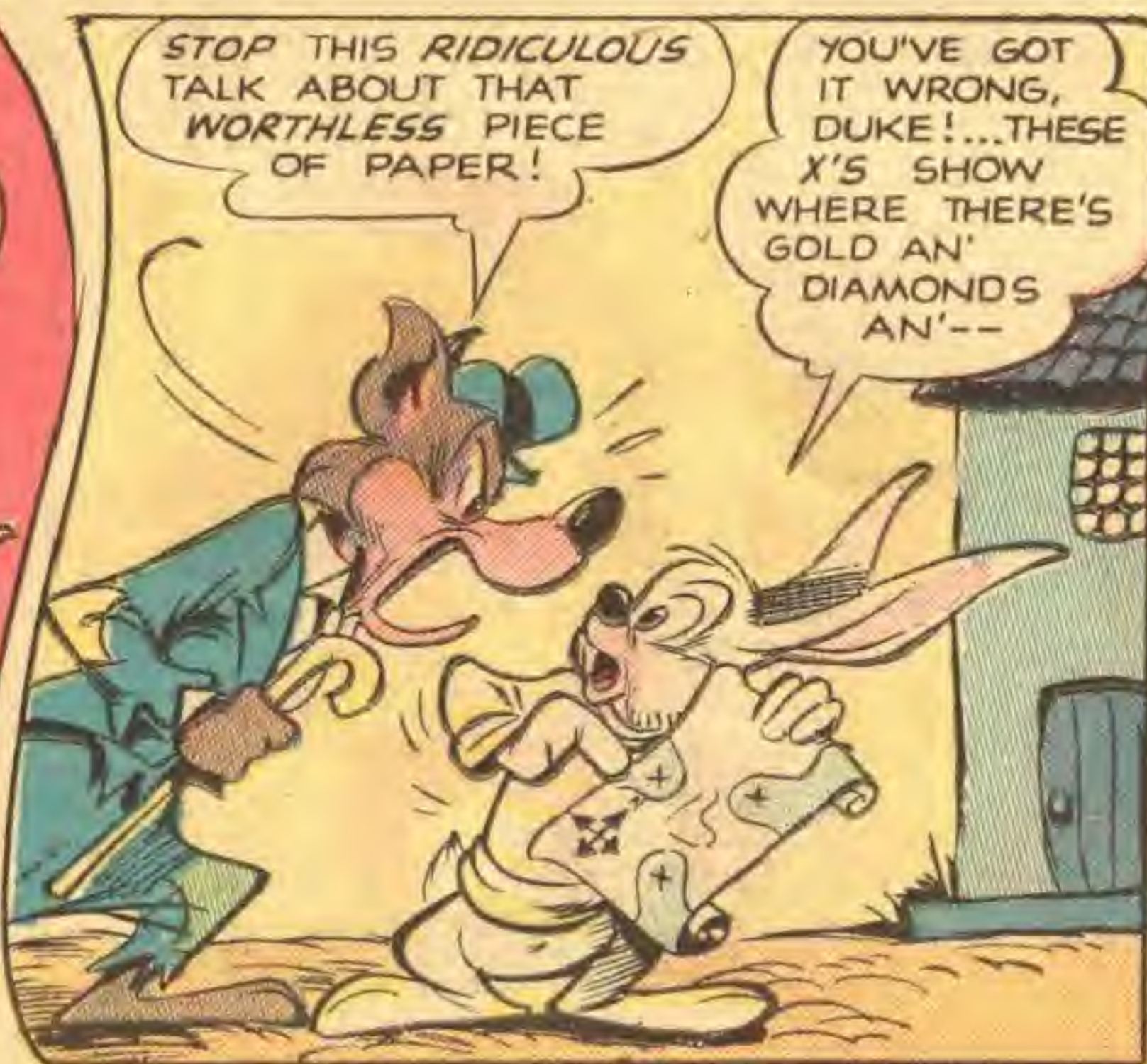
YOU ARE NOW
ENTERING
BLACKSKULL

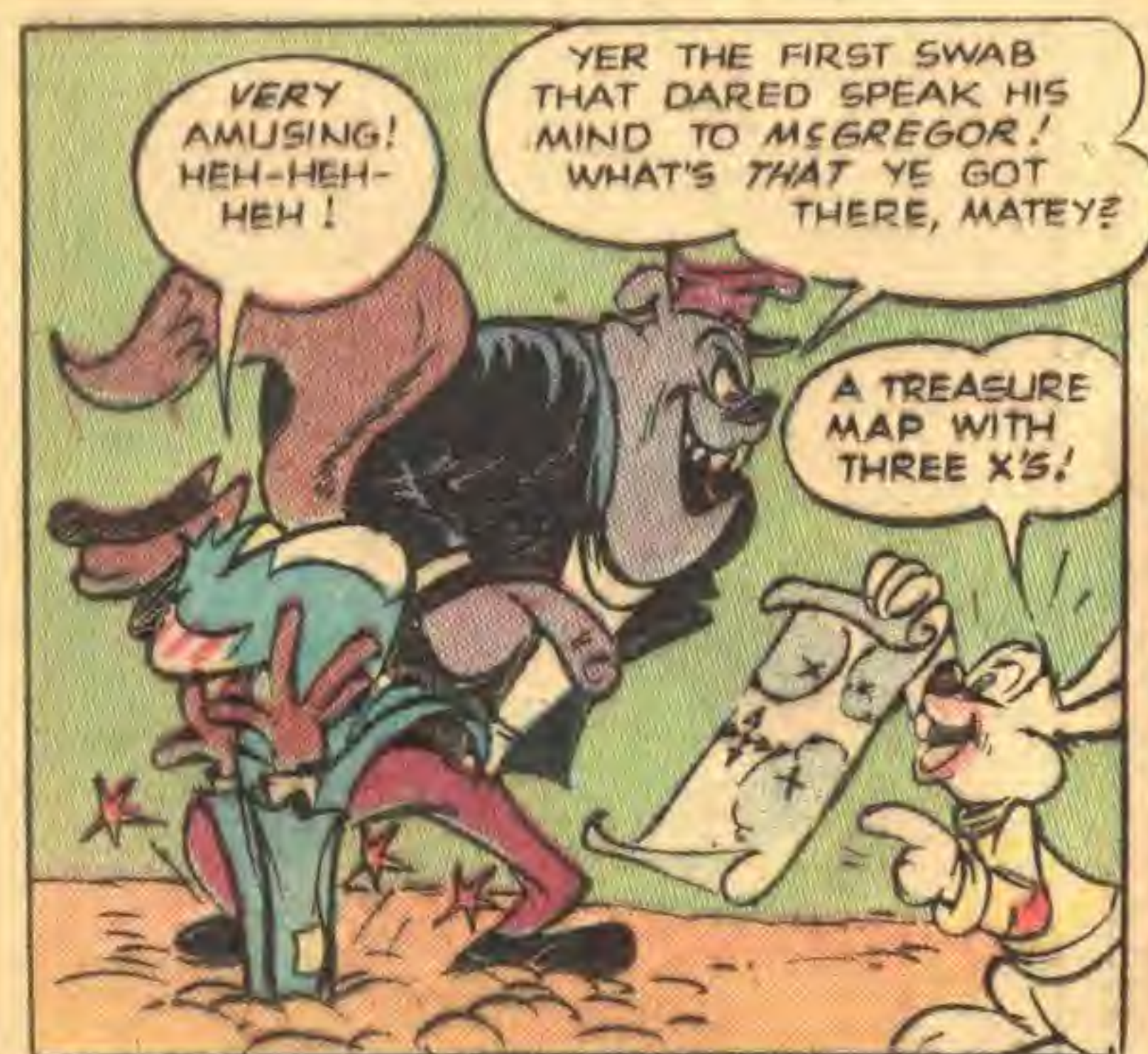
...ER-HOW DO YOU DO, GENTLEMEN!
HEH!...HEH! JUST PASSING
THROUGH!

AH... HURRY
ALONG, DOPE!

PSST! LONG
EARS!...YUH
WANNA BUY
A TREASURE
MAP CHEAP?



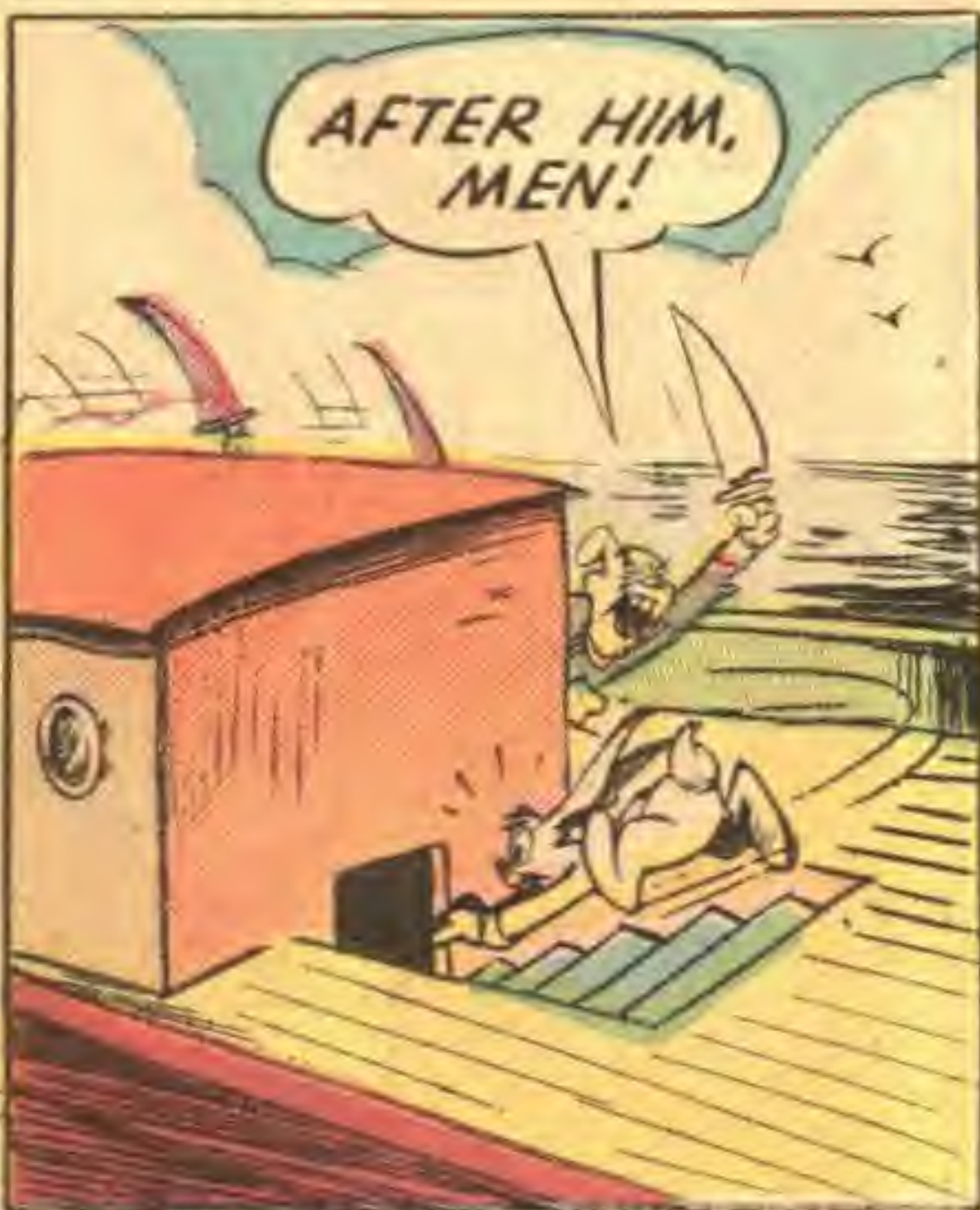
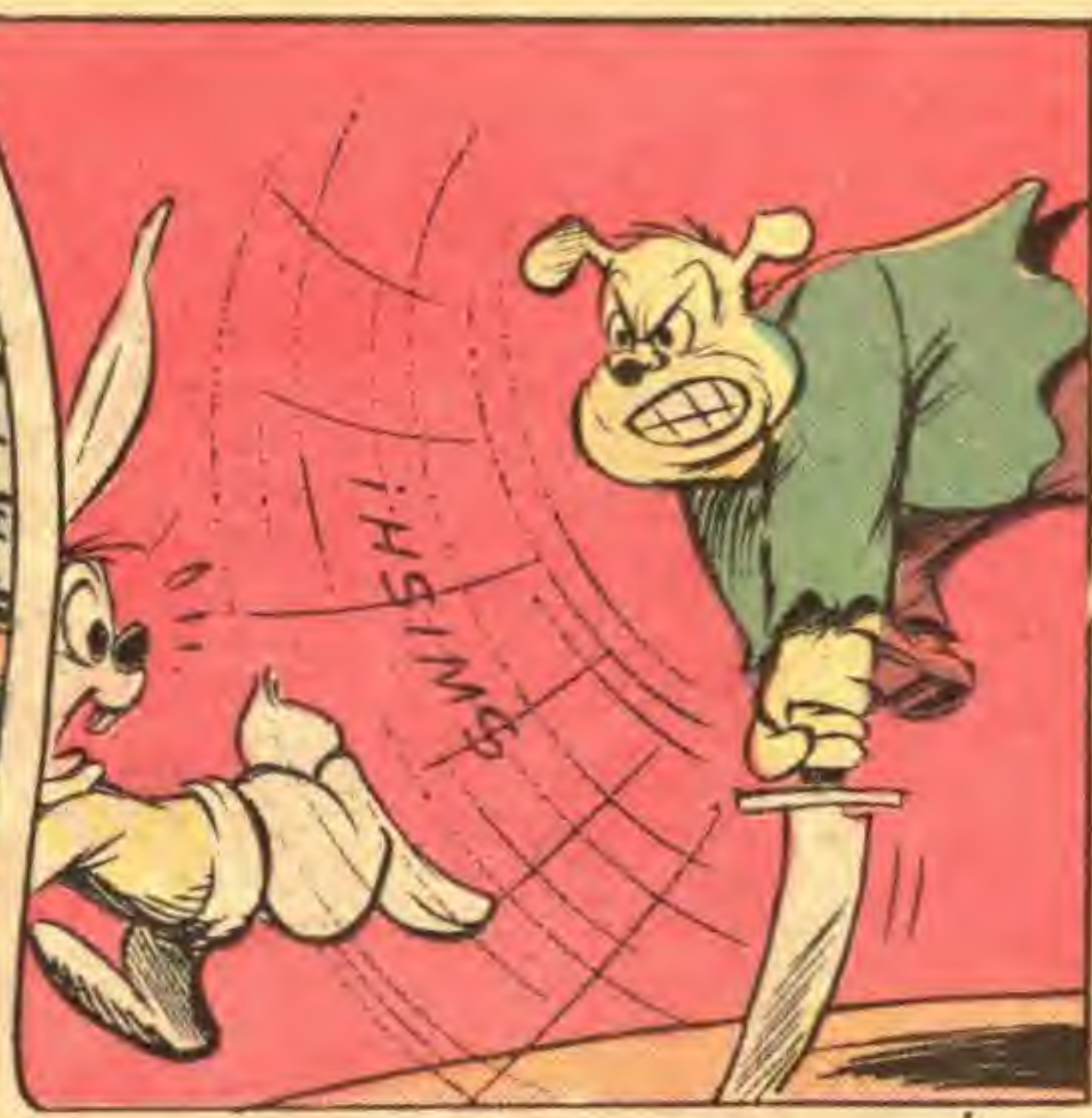


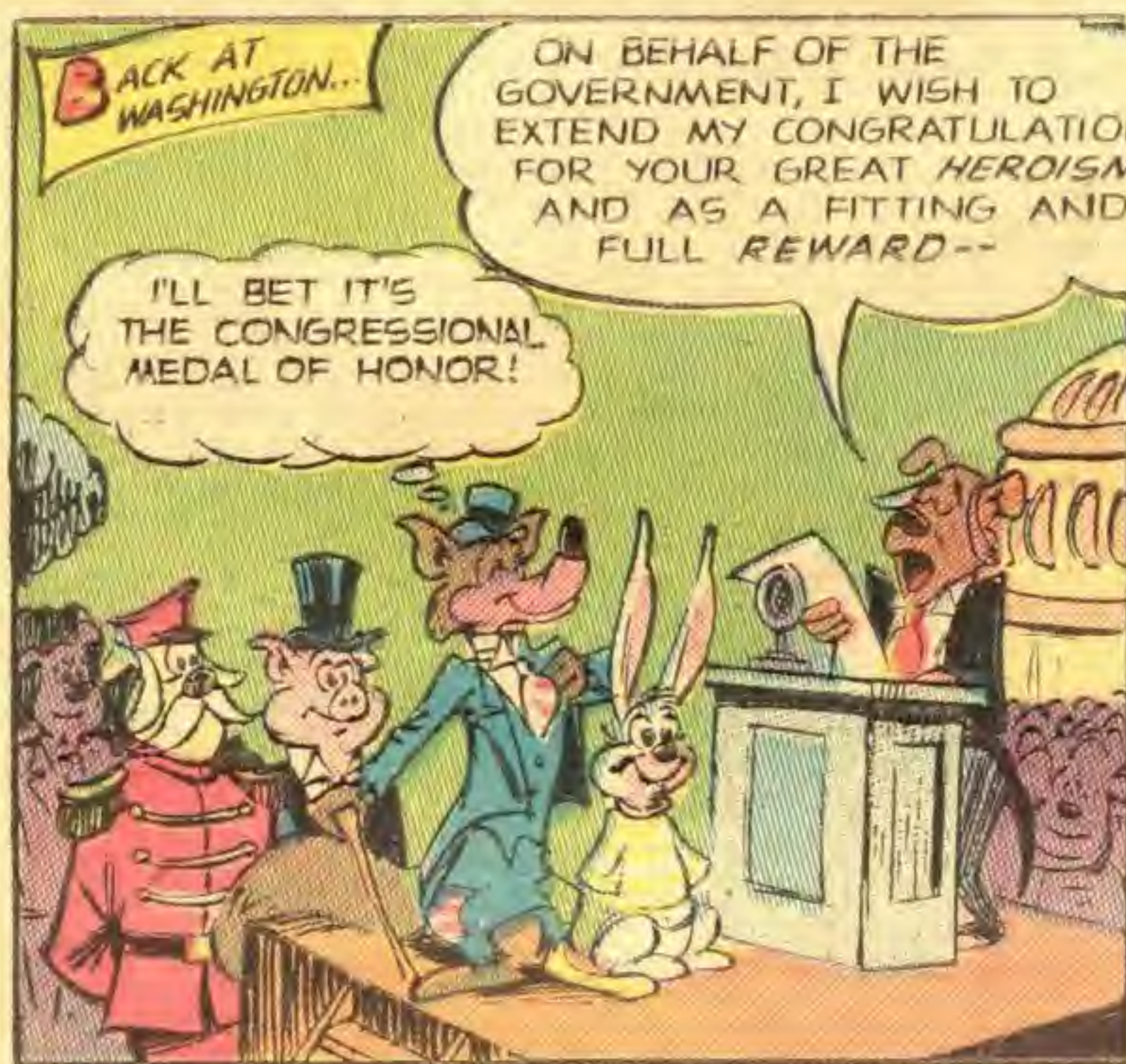
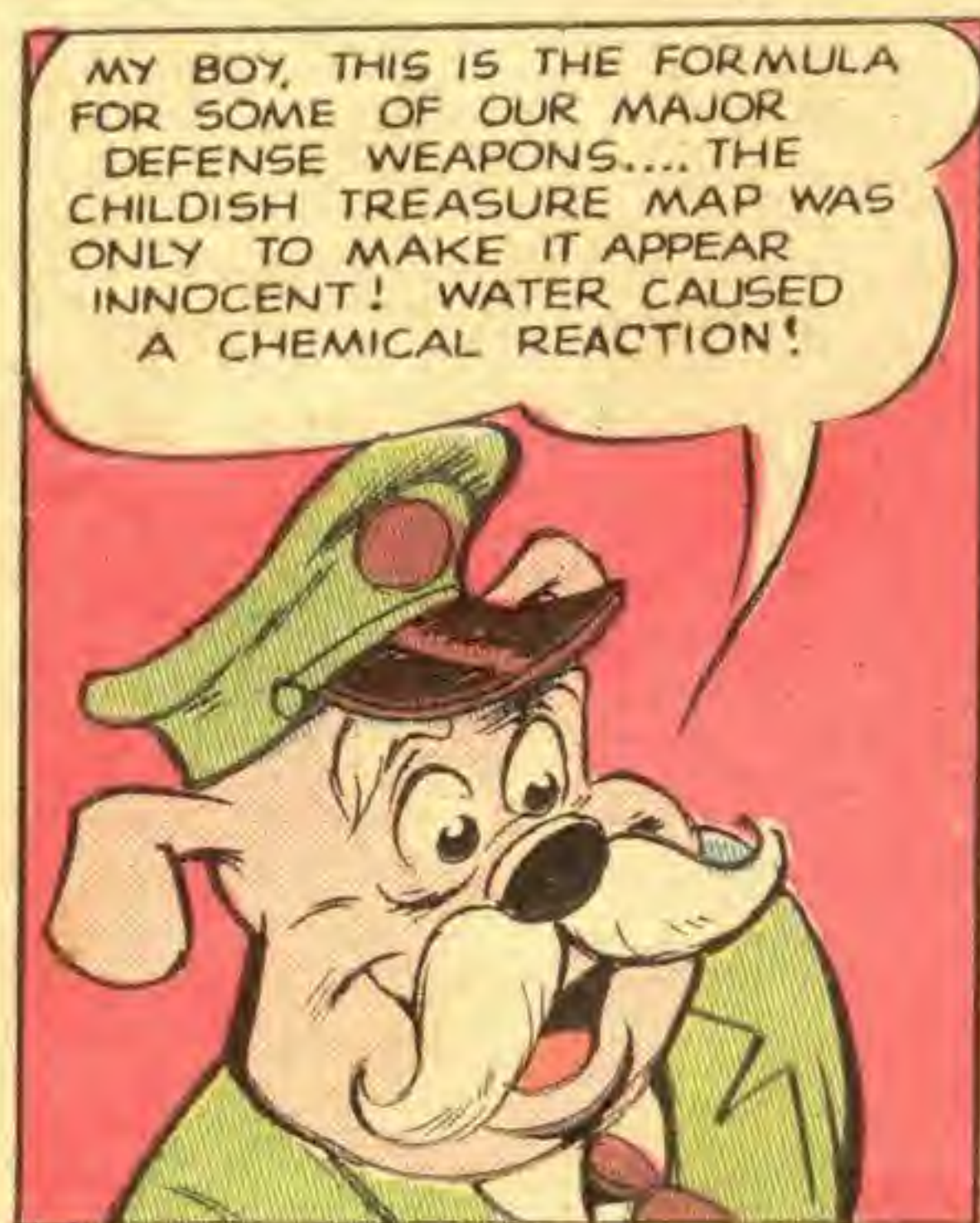












CATCHING the CATCHER!

NEVER HAD PEEWEE Pup been so frightened! For the dog-catcher was after him, with his net held high in the air, ready to come down and take Peewee prisoner. The puppy ran as fast as his short legs could carry him, through the back streets of Little Town, around corners, in and out of buildings and across back yards.

"If...if he catches me, I'll be sent to the d...dog p...pound!" Peewee couldn't even think these dread words without trembling. He was a homeless puppy, you see, and had no collar or tag to tell his name or where he lived.

But as fast as he ran, the dog-catcher ran even faster, and soon Peewee could see his huge shadow catching up. Quickly, the puppy ducked into an alley. Perhaps he would be lucky enough to find a cellar in which to hide!

But no! There was no hiding place and the little puppy was trapped! The dog-catcher would get him now, for certain sure! Cornered, Peewee shivered and shook as the dog-catcher came closer. And then the little puppy, desperate, jumped into the air and landed...right in the dog-catcher's own pocket!

"Now, *where* is that confounded dog? He was here a second ago! I *saw* him!" But search as he might, the dog-catcher could

not find Peewee anywhere. He looked high and low, he looked everywhere but in his own pocket, and finally he snorted, "Oh, well, I give up! I might just as well go home, now that the dog's gone!"

Huddled inside the pocket, Peewee knew that the dog-catcher was taking him someplace but...where? He was afraid to think! Now the dog-catcher was walking up a flight of steps. Now he was opening a door. And now, someone was squealing, "What did you bring me, Pop?"

A small hand was thrust into the pocket where Peewee cowered. The fingers closed on the puppy's soft fur and lifted him gently out. "It's a puppy, a beautiful puppy!" a little boy shouted. "Pop, how did you know he was just what I wanted!"

The little boy put his cheek close to Peewee's furry head as he held him close. "Gosh!" he sighed happily.

Peewee's heart began to pound in fright as the dog-catcher came towards the little boy. "There you are, you rascal," he said to Peewee. "Well, looks to me as though you came home with the dog-catcher, instead of the other way around! Guess you're one of the family now!"

So Peewee got a collar, a tag with his name and address on it, a real home to live in and best of all...a little boy to love!

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(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1950.

Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public, State of New York. (My commission expires March 30, 1951.)

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other

OUR PAL PIGGY

THE ONE THING I LIKE ABOUT
THIS NEIGHBORHOOD IS THAT IT'S
PEACEFUL AND QUIET! A
FELLOW CAN RELAX WHEN---

YIPE!



CRASH!

BAM!

BAM!

THAT SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM
PIGGY'S HOUSE! HIS FURNACE MUST'VE
BLOWN UP!

WHAM!

BASH!

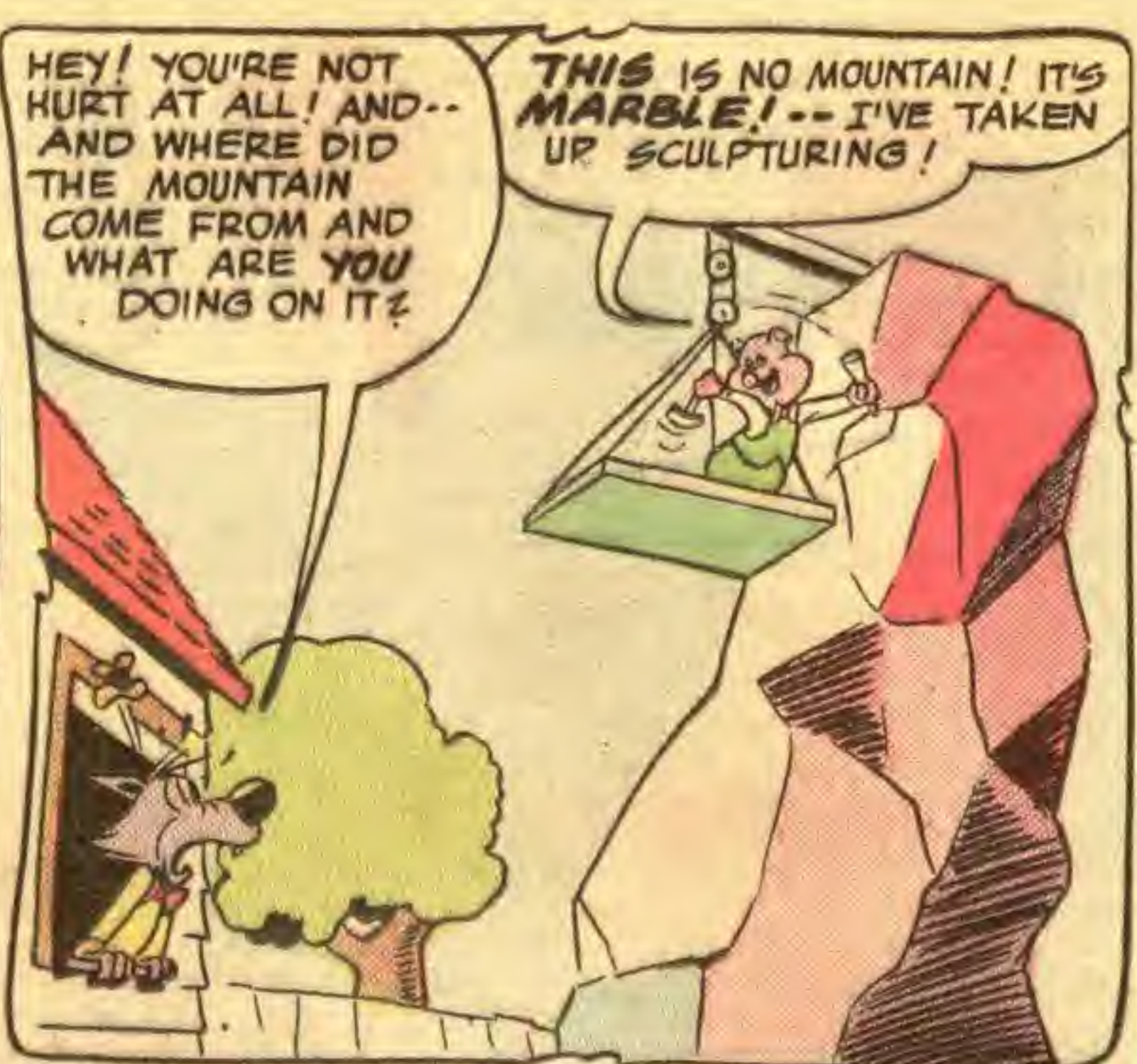
BASH!

BOP!



I MUST TRY TO BRING HIM FIRST
AID!-- I WOULDN'T WANT TO LOSE
HIM! HE'S ONE OF THE SOFTEST
TOUCHES FOR LOANS I'VE GOT!





A MANGY FOX, HE CALLED ME! WELL, I'LL STOP THAT PIGGY FROM HACKING AT THAT MARBLE IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



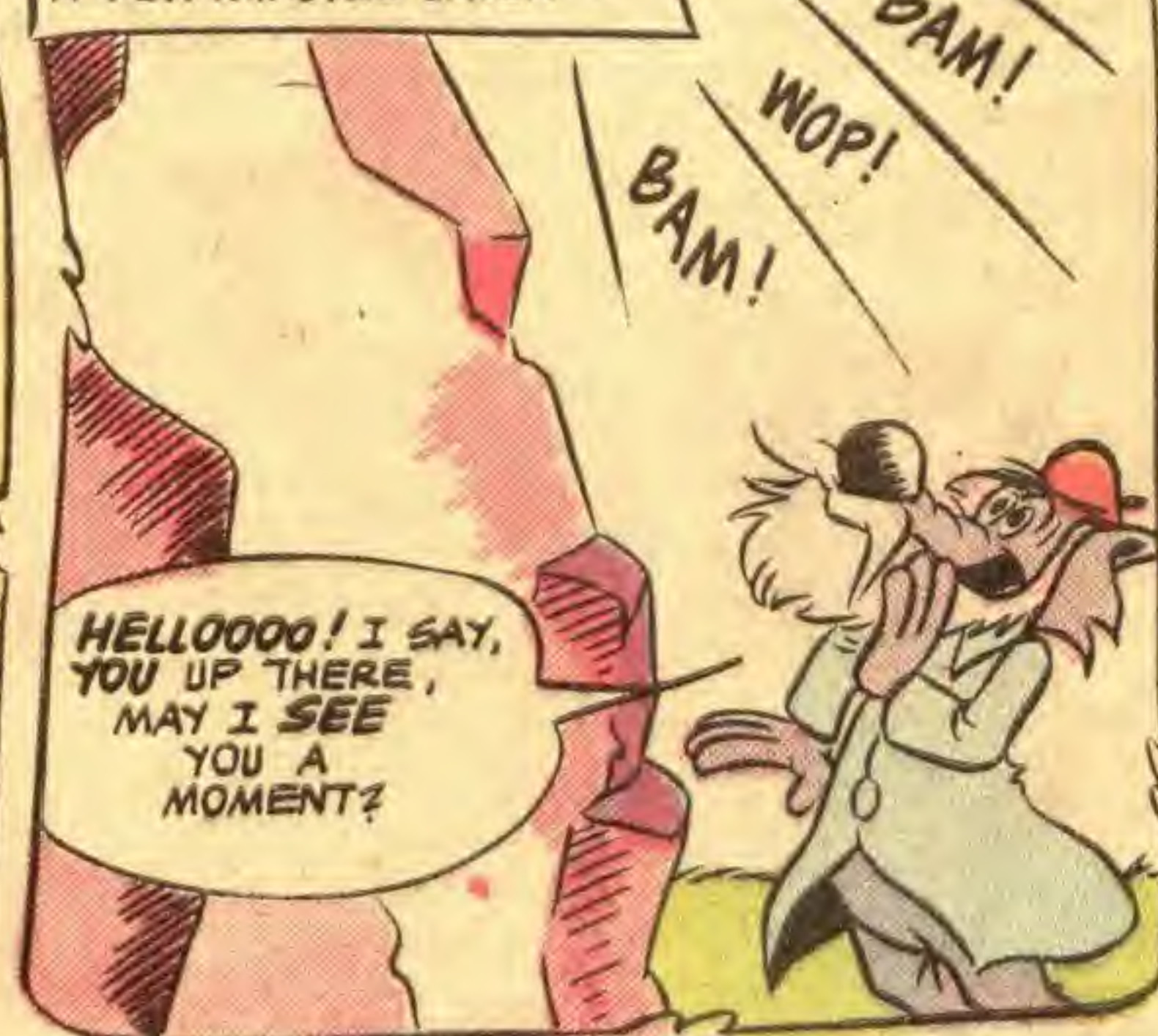
HMM! HE SAID HE'S ENTERED IN A CONTEST TO WIN \$10,000! HA! THAT'S IT!-- CONTESTS NEED JUDGES, SO I'LL BE THE JUDGE!



BEING A JUDGE OF ARTISTIC THINGS CALLS FOR AN ARTISTIC-LOOKING JUDGE!-- HEH!-- WELL, I'M READY NOW!



A FEW MINUTES LATER--



HELLOOOO! I SAY, YOU UP THERE, MAY I SEE YOU A MOMENT?

YES?

ARE YOU ONE PIGGY CONTESTANT NO. 5,961 IN OUR CONTEST TO FIND NEW, TALENTED SCULPTORS?



YES! YES! THAT'S ME! WHO ARE YOU?

I AM J.R. FLIPLID-- THE MAIN JUDGE OF THE CONTEST! I'M CHECKING UP ON HOW YOU BOYS ARE GETTING ALONG!



ONE OF THE JUDGES?
THIS IS WONDERFUL!
WHAT AN HONOR!--
WHAT CAN I DO
FOR YOU, SIR?

I WISH TO
SEE YOUR
STATUE AND
OFFER MY
CRITICISM!



NOW TELL ME--
WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF IT?

IT STINKS!



THIS IS IT, BUT I'M NOT FIN-
ISHED YET! I CALL IT 'HORATIO
AT DAWN'! IT'LL BE A HUMAN
FIGURE RIDING A MONGOOSE!
-- I'VE ONLY DONE
THE ARM!

HM!

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

IT'S TERRIBLE!
BETTER YOU SHOULD BE
A SHOEMAKER!



NOW THAT YOUR CAREER
IS OVER, YOU'LL WANT
THAT STONE REMOVED!
-- AS HEAD OF THE
CONTEST, I'M PRE-
PARED TO HAUL
AWAY ANY UNUSED
ROCK FOR \$10!
OKAY?

YES! YES! TAKE
IT AWAY!-- (SOB)
AND I THOUGHT I
WAS GETTING ON
SO WELL!



NOW, IF YOU'LL GIVE ME
THE MONEY, I'LL LEAVE!

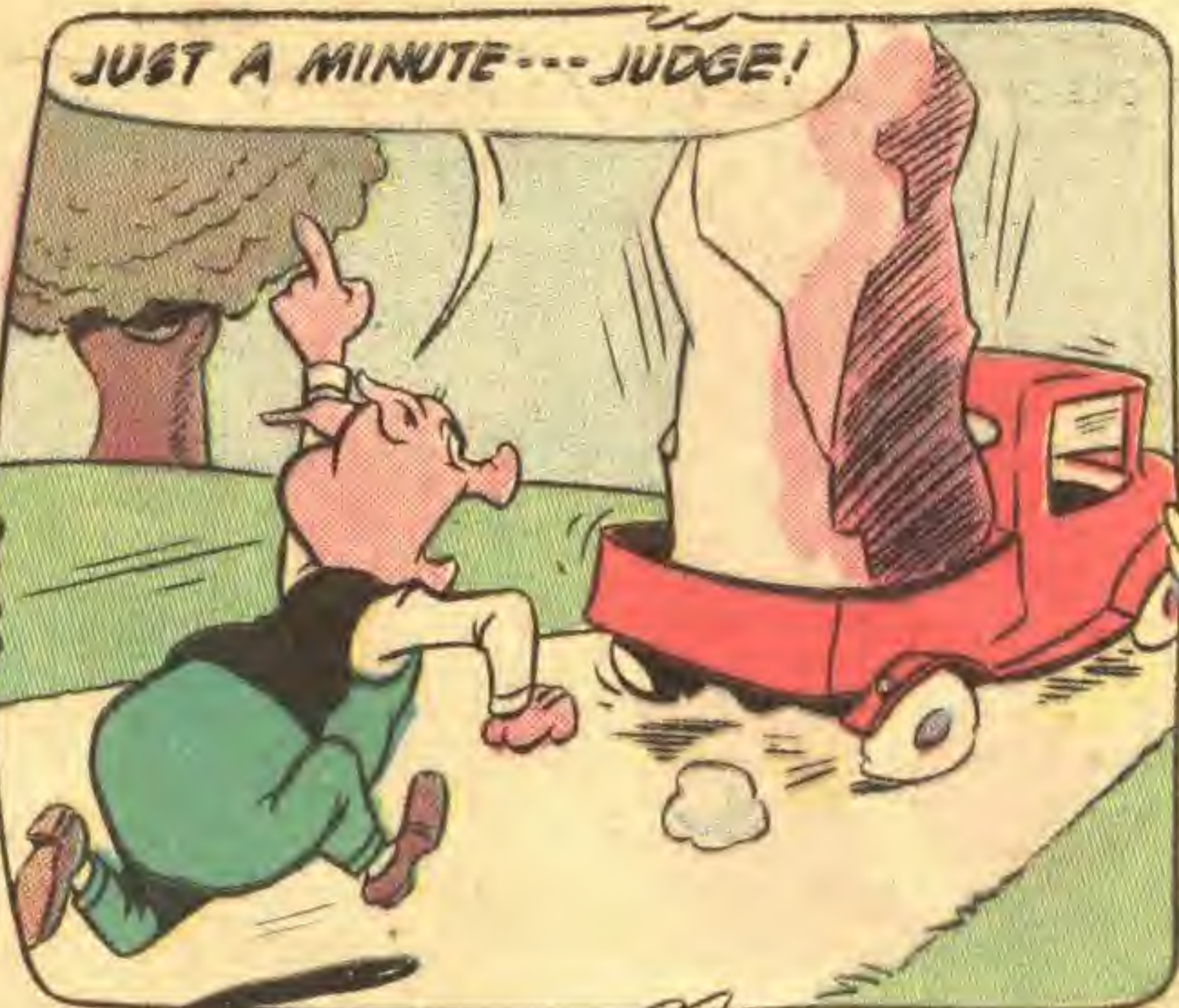
HERE!



SAY! THAT LONG NOSE, AND SNEER
WHEN HE ASKED FOR THE MONEY!-- BY
GOSH, THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON
I KNOW THAT ACTS AND LOOKS
LIKE THAT!



JUST A MINUTE--- JUDGE!



I THOUGHT
SO!



YOU HEARD ME! PUT IT BACK--OR I WON'T BE
RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENS
TO YOU!

OKAY--
OKAY!



SO...

IF HE THINKS I'M GIVING UP--
HE'S WRONG! I'VE GOT TO
FIND A WAY TO STOP
THAT NOISE!

BAM!
BAM!
BAM!



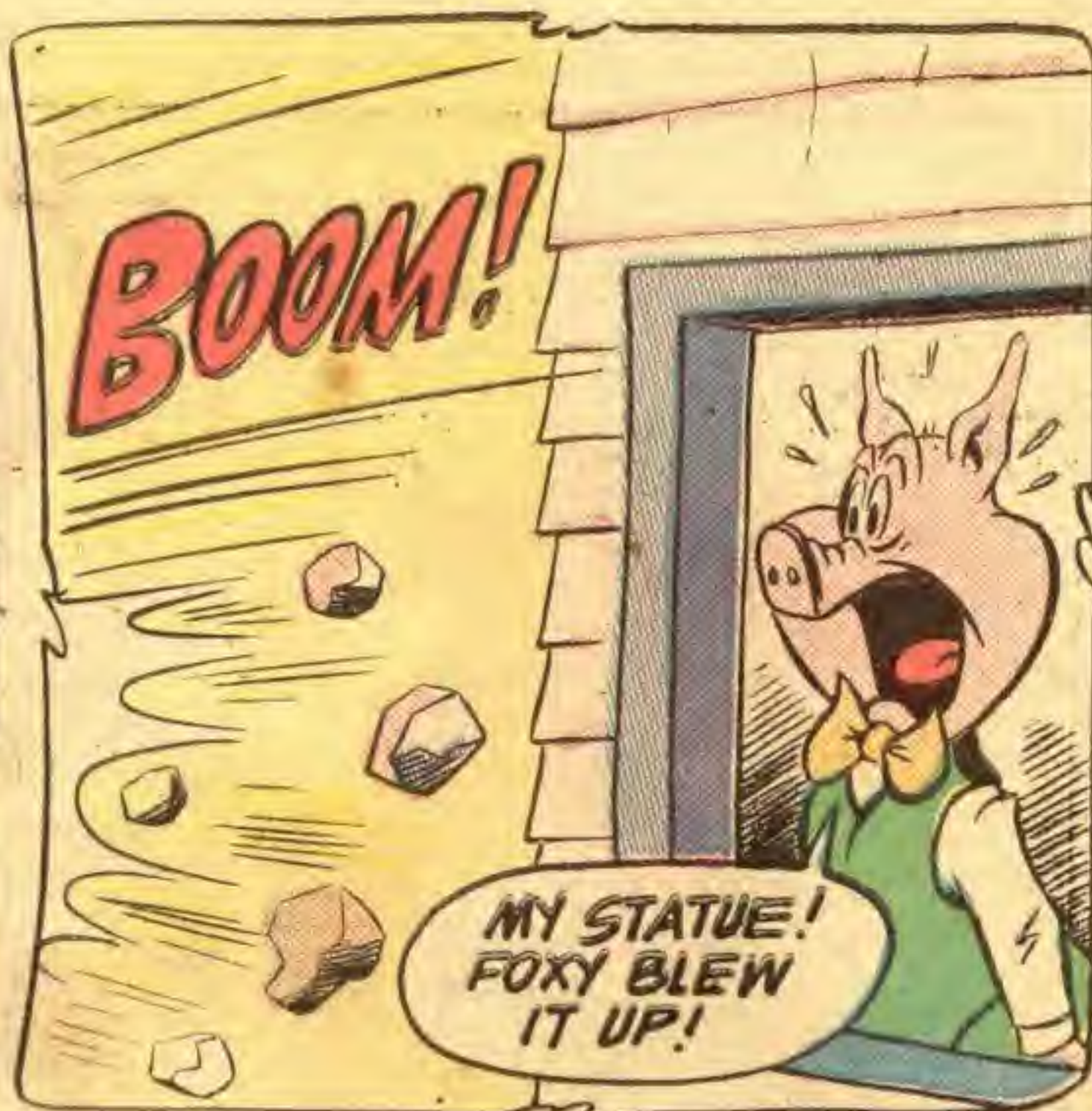
YEOWEEE!!! THIS TIME I'VE GOT IT!
THIS'LL BE THE END! FINIS! THE END!





AND SO--

HA! HE'S GONE INTO THE HOUSE--THIS IS MY CHANCE!



BOOM!

MY STATUE!
FOXY BLEW
IT UP!



AND AT THIS VERY MINUTE---

THIS IS WHERE
CONTESTANT NO. 3
LIVES, JUDGE!

FINE! IF YOU'LL
STOP, I'LL-- YIII!
LOOK!



SUCH ARTISTRY!!! SUCH
TALENT!!! IT GIVES ME
PLEASURE TO AWARD YOU
FIRST PRIZE!

TH-THANK YOU!
(GULP)-- TEN
THOUSAND DOLLARS!
WHEW!



HE GOT \$10,000 FOR WHAT I
DID FOR HIM!



Later...

IF I COULD DO IT FOR HIM, I CAN
DO IT FOR **ME** --- SOONER
OR LATER!

BOOM!

BOOM!

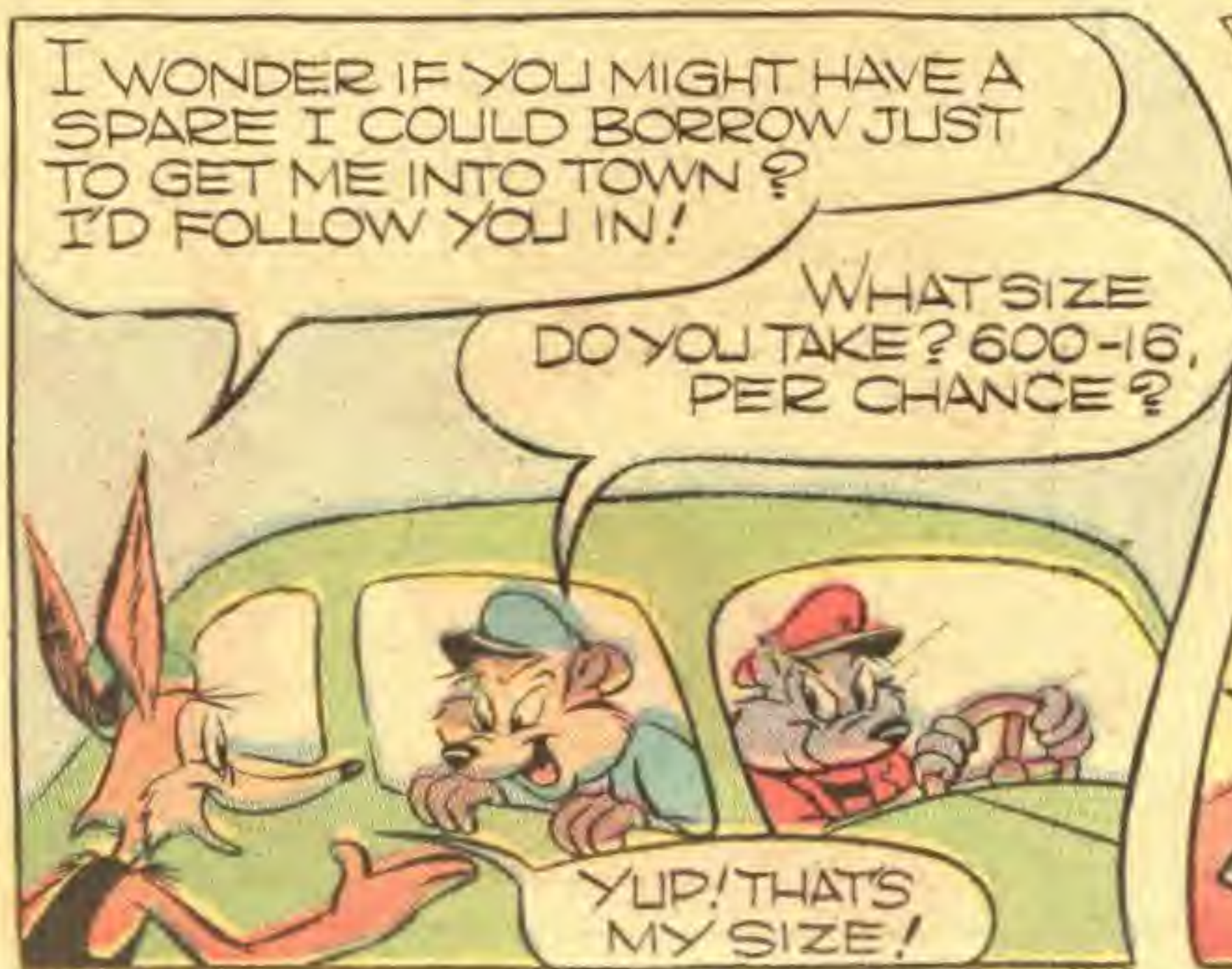
BOOM!

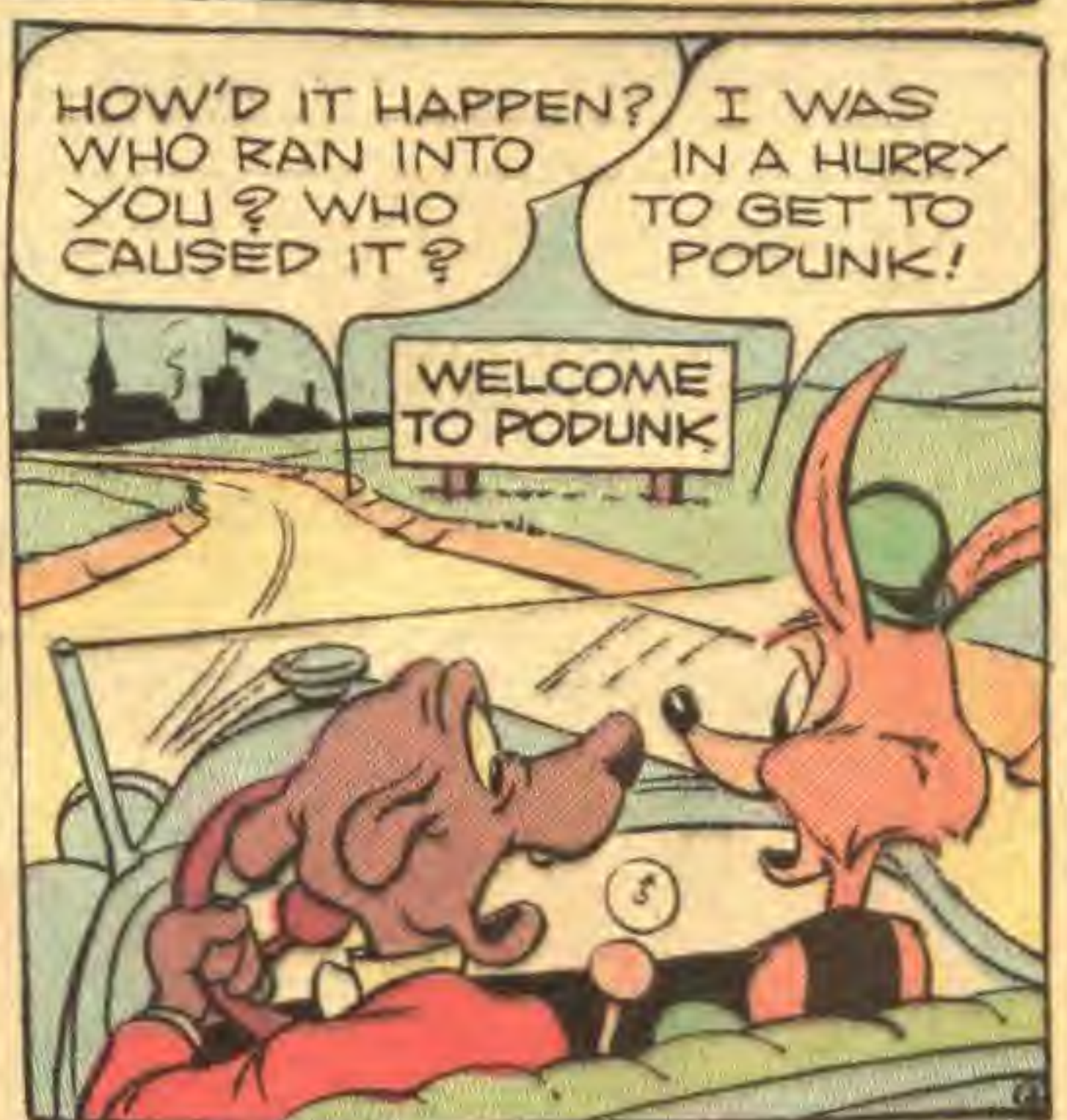
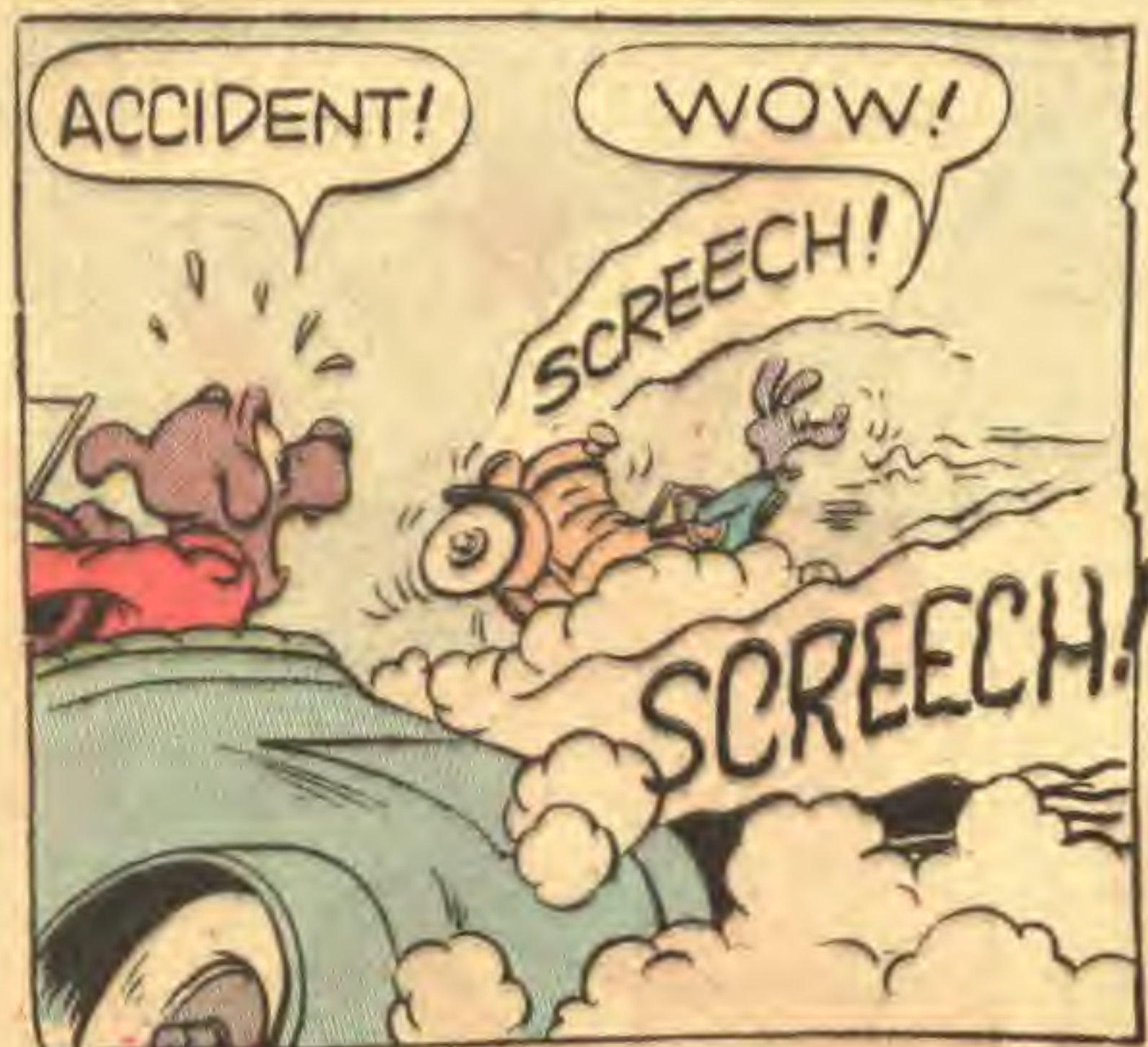
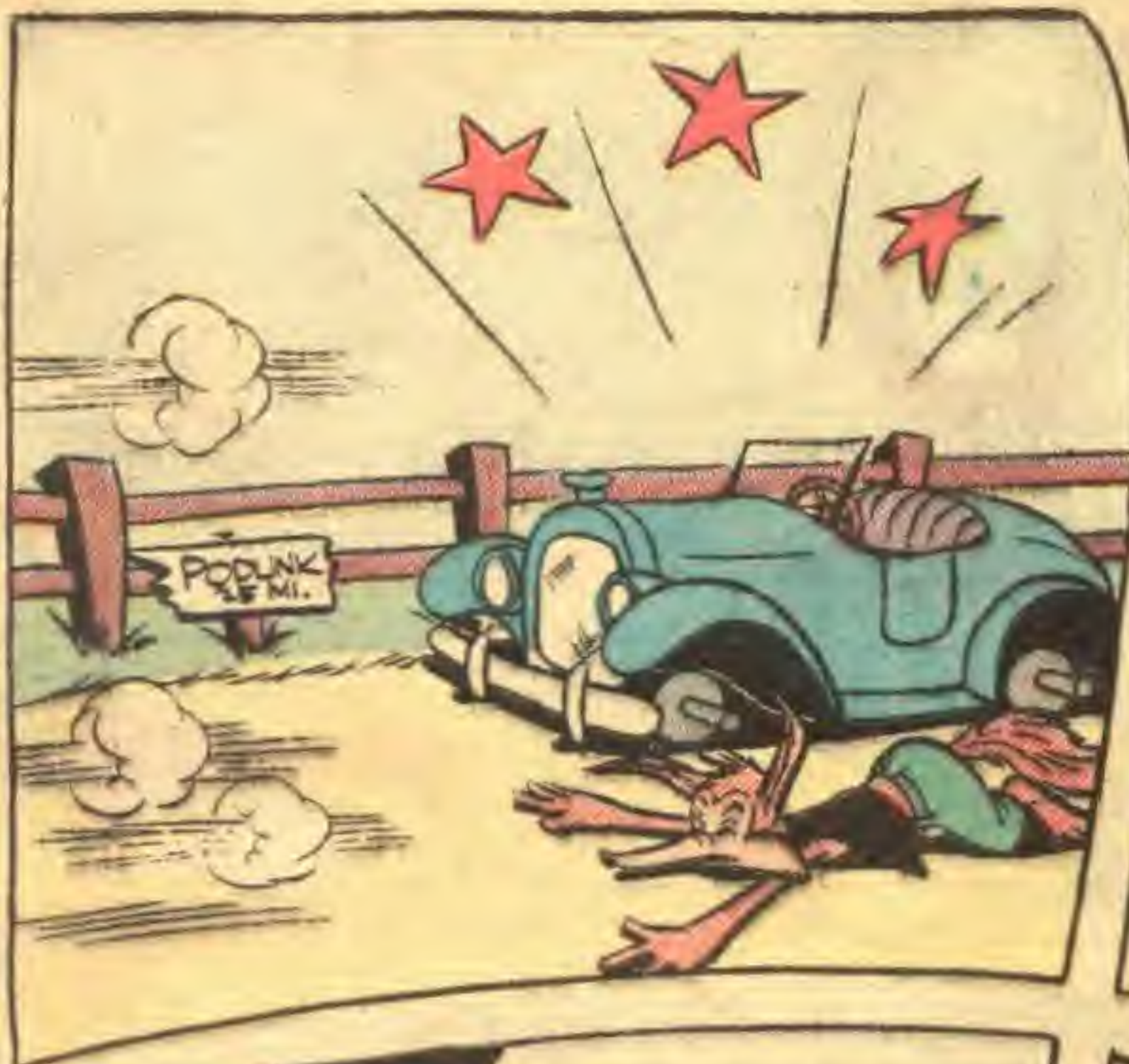
STAY BACK
SCULPTOR
AT WORK!

DANGER!!!
ARTIST
WORKING!

The End

FOXY





SPUD

NOW LISTEN TO ME!
I'M GOING DOWN TOWN,
AND I DON'T WANT YOU
BRINGING YOUR ROWDY
FRIENDS IN HERE OR
RAIDING THE ICE BOX!



LYNN KARP

SLAM



Z-Z-Z-ZIP!



ALL RIGHT! YOU DON'T HAVE TO STAY HERE! I HAVE A BETTER IDEA!



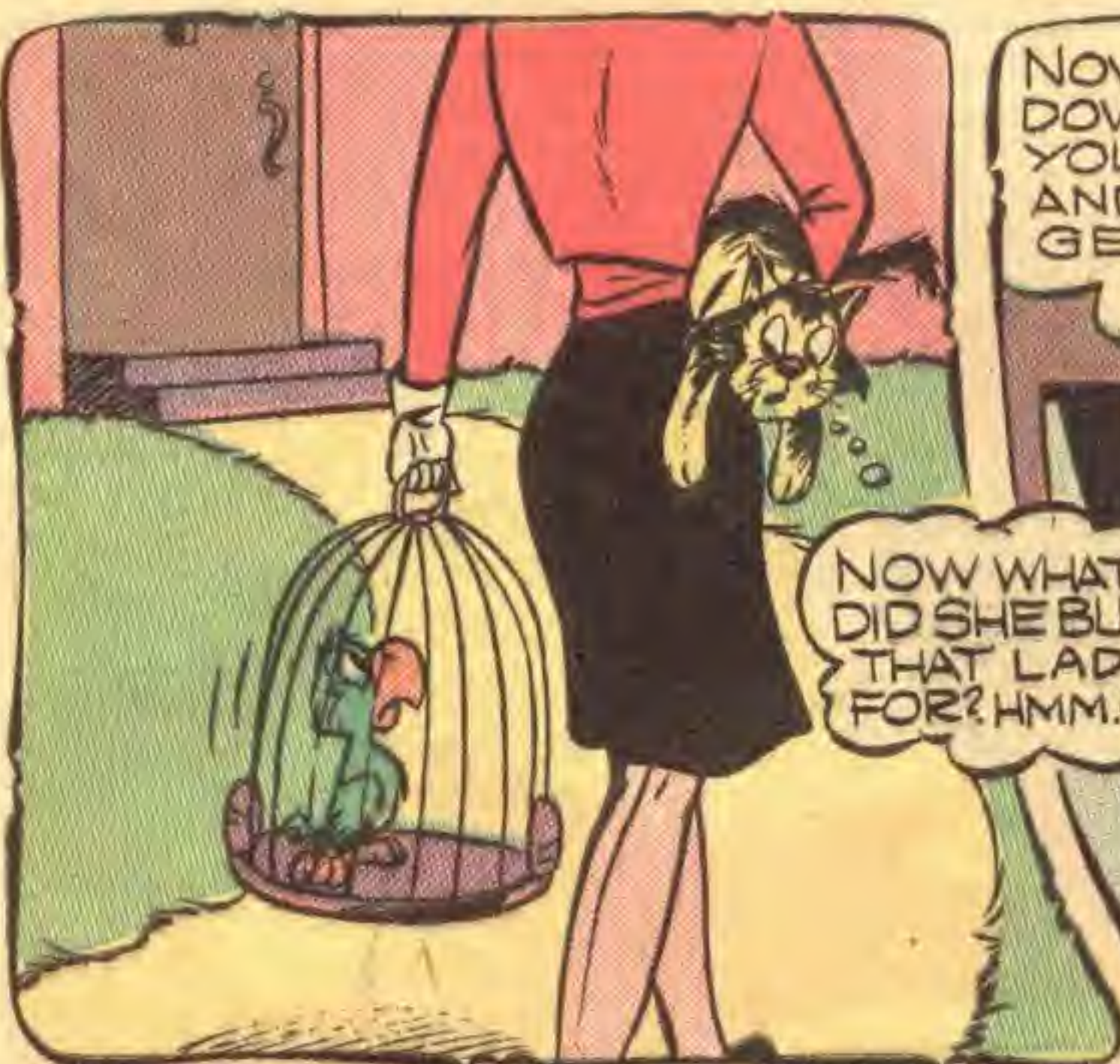
MR. ZILCH, I WANT TO BUY THIS PARROT!

VERY WELL! THAT WILL BE \$ 25.00!

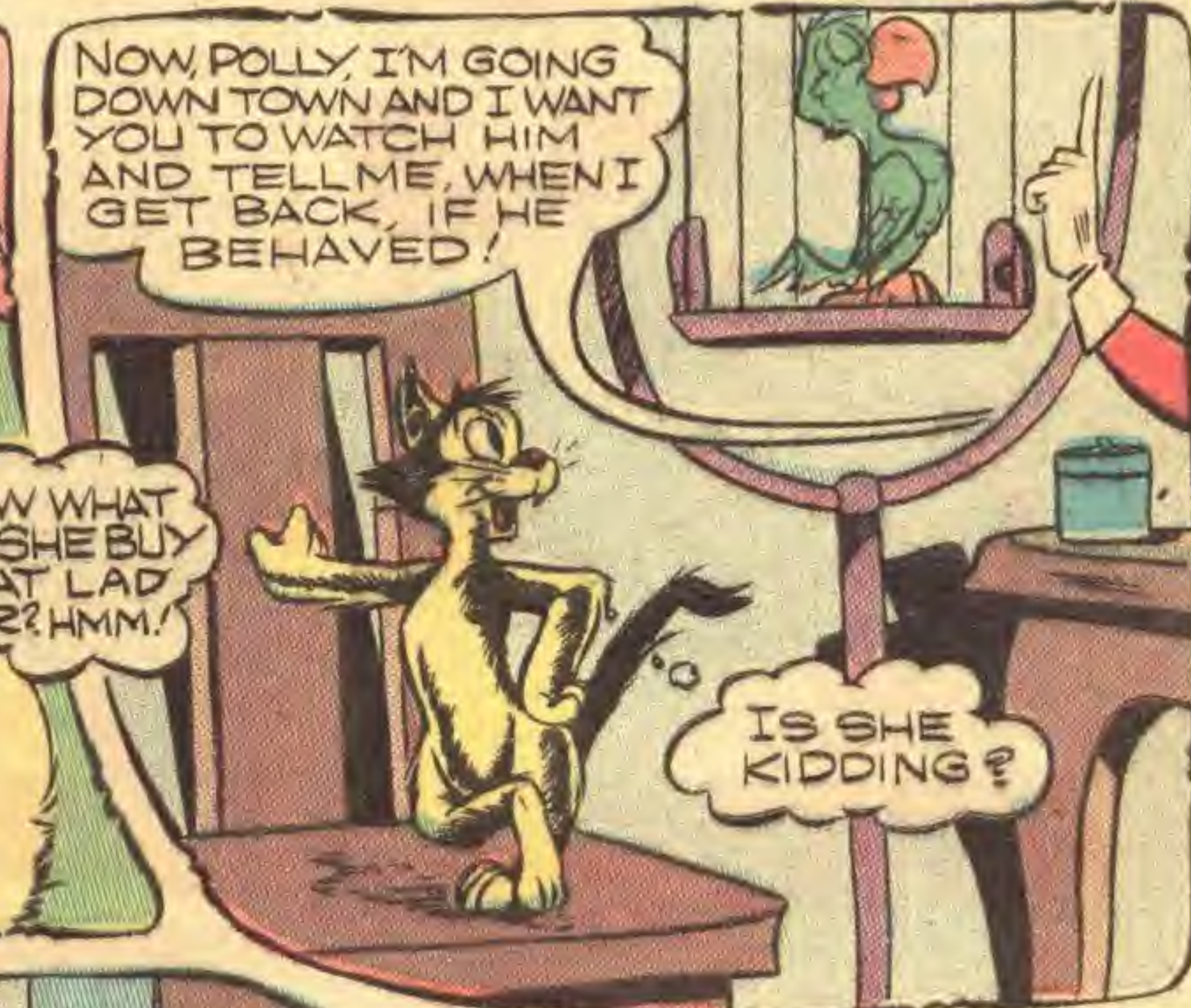


NOW, POLLY, I'M GOING DOWN TOWN AND I WANT YOU TO WATCH HIM AND TELL ME, WHEN I GET BACK, IF HE BEHAVED!

NOW WHAT DID SHE BUY THAT LAD FOR? HMM!



IS SHE KIDDING?



WOW! ME FOR THE REFRIGERATOR!



I WOULDN'T DO THAT IF I WERE YOU, PUSS!

HE TALKS! HE CAN TELL HER!



THAT SETTLES IT! I'VE GOT TO
FIGURE OUT SOME WAY OF SHUTTIN'
HIM UP! HM! I KNOW!



LOOK, MAC, HOW ABOUT
JOINING ME IN A
SNACK? AFTER ALL,
YOU LIKE TO EAT,
TOO!

SURE, WHY
NOT? BUT
YOU'LL HAVE
TO LET ME
OUT!



MORE CHEESE?
BOLOGNA?

OH, NO!
NO, THANKS!
I'VE HAD
PLENTY!



WELL, THEN I THINK
I'LL HAVE A BITE!

I WOULDN'T IF
I WERE YOU,
PUSS!



OH, NO? I THOUGHT YOU'D PULL
THAT, BUT I OUT-SMARTED YOU!
YOU ATE TOO! SO YOU CAN'T
TALK, OR I'LL DO A LITTLE
SPILLING MYSELF!

I DON'T
THINK YOU
WILL!

SWISH



SINCE WHEN
CAN A CAT
TALK TO A
HUMAN?



I'LL FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO EAT WITHOUT THIS LAD KNOWING IT! HM! AH!

YOU KNOW—YOU'RE NOT A BAD CHAP! PRETTY SMART, IN FACT! HOW ABOUT BEING PALS?

I'D BE HAPPY TO BE YOUR FRIEND!

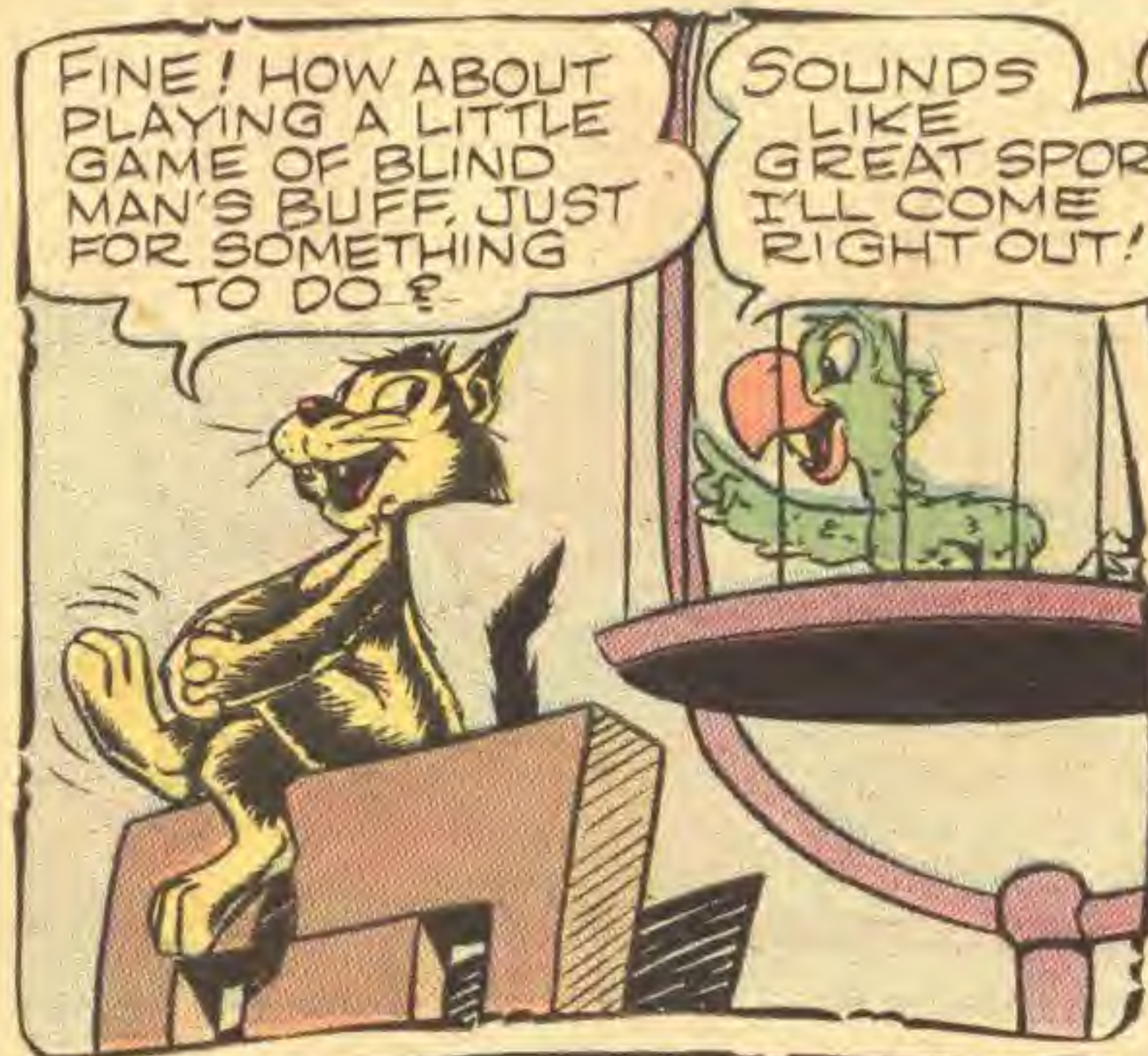


FINE! HOW ABOUT PLAYING A LITTLE GAME OF BLIND MAN'S BUFF, JUST FOR SOMETHING TO DO?

SOUNDS LIKE GREAT SPORT! I'LL COME RIGHT OUT!

NOW I BLINDFOLD YOU LIKE THIS, AND THEN YOU FEEL AROUND! WHEN YOU CATCH ME, I'M IT! GOT IT?

YUP!



READY? GO!

NOW I JUST TURN OFF THIS LIGHT!

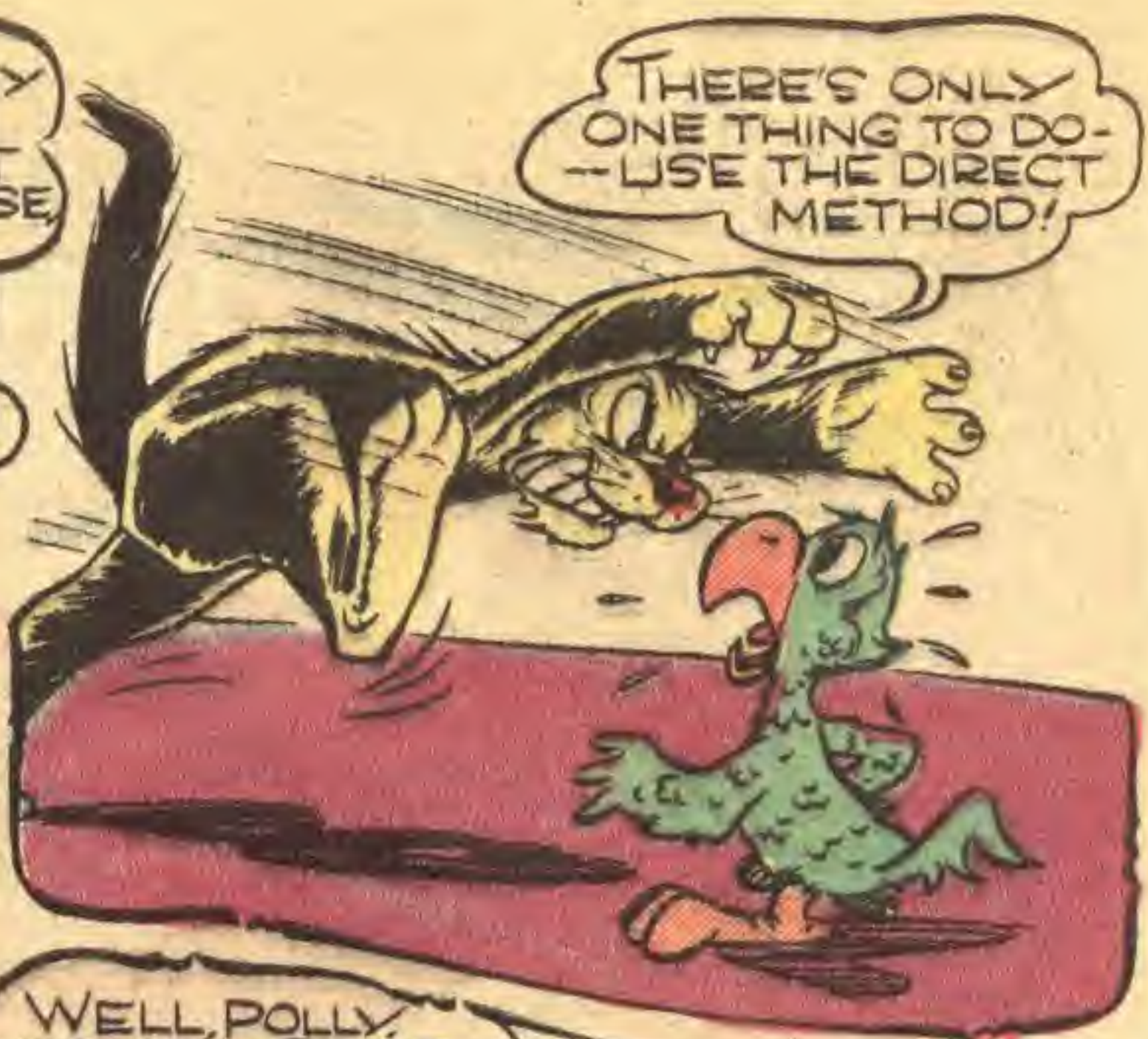
YOU'RE IT!

HUH?





WASN'T I LUCKY
TO CATCH YOU
THE VERY FIRST
TIME? OF COURSE,
I DID SORT
OF FIGURE
YOU'D BE
NEAR THE
REFRIGERATOR!



THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING TO DO--
USE THE DIRECT
METHOD!



PATER-

WELL, POLLY,
WAS HE A GOOD-
--- WHY, WHERE
IS HE?

HE JUST
STEPPED
OUTSIDE!



SPUD! HERE, SPUD!
WHERE CAN HE BE?

HE'S OVER
HERE,
MISS PERT!

HE CAME RUNNING
IN HERE A WHILE
AGO AND LOCKED
HIMSELF IN THE
CAGE! SUCH A
CAT!

2HOB
BET
JOE2

SPUD! LET GO! A
WHILE AGO, YOU DIDN'T
WANT TO STAY HERE!
WHAT'S GOTTEN
INTO YOU?





BUNK!

NOBODY IS JUST "Naturally"

SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day And I'll
Give YOU A NEW BODY

WOULD you believe it? I "Dynamic Tension" is the easy, was once a skinny 97-pound NATURAL method that you can weakling. People used to laugh at my spindly build. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered at me behind my back. Folks said I was just "naturally-born skinny!"

Then I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title, "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

ARE YOU
Skinny and run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in Confidence?
Constipated?
Suffering from bad breath?
Do you want to gain weight?
WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told on this page!

practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel full of zip, ambition, self-confidence, and new energy!

"Dynamic Tension"
Builds You NATURALLY

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give

you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body. In a very short time, you'll watch it grow and multiply into real, solid, rippling, LIVE MUSCLE.

Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in an international contest.

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When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS!

FREE BOOK Mail coupon now. I'll send my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Mail coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2-J 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



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Address _____

City _____ State _____

LOOK

AT THESE

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1 ELECTRIC MOVIE PROJECTOR

REAL LIVE ACTION MOVIES!
HERE'S WHAT YOU GET... A REAL PROJECTOR, 1 FILM, A STAGE AND SCREEN...



LET'S CHARGE ADMISSION!

SCY, WHAT FUN!

WHERE ARE YOUR TWO BROTHERS?

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3 EXTRA FILMS... \$1.00

3 REAL SEWING MACHINE



GEE, THIS IS FUN! I MADE THIS DRESS WITH IT, AND I'LL MAKE HUNDREDS MORE!

READY FOR ACTION
NOW YOU CAN MAKE MANY LOVELY DRESSES FOR YOURSELF AND YOUR DOLLS, OR MAKE EXTRA MONEY SELLING THINGS YOU MAKE! COMPLETE WITH TABLE CLAMP, SPOOL, THREAD AND NEEDLE.

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A GREAT BUY AT ONLY **\$349**

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HELLO!

I'M SANDY! I DRINK, I WET, I SLEEP, AND YOU CAN WAVE MY HAIR, TOO!

THE NEWEST IN NEAR-HUMAN DOLLS
SHE HAS WONDER SKIN - JUST LIKE A REAL BABY'S... LIFE-LIKE HAIR! SHE CAN DRINK, WET, SLEEP, AND HAVE HER HAIR WAVED!

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